

# VALLEY FARMER.



A Monthly Journal of Agriculture, Horticulture, Education and Domestic Economy,  
Adapted to the wants of the people of the Mississippi Valley.

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## The Valley Farmer.

### Compliments of the Season.

A happy New Year to all our readers! And while we would urge upon them all the fact that happiness—true happiness—is only found in doing and being good, for

‘Tis no: in title nor in rank,  
‘Tis not in wealth, like London bank,  
‘To make us truly blest.  
‘If happiness have not her seat  
‘And centre in the breast—  
‘We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
‘But never can be blest.’

we would stimulate every one to renewed diligence in promoting the good cause of improvement around him. How much can you do the present year to establish or sustain a good Agricultural Society in your county? How much more time will you give to study to make yourself familiar with the science of the calling you pursue? To raise yourself and your occupation to the high standing which God has designed for it? How much wasted time will you redeem for these purposes? How much will you do to embellish, and adorn, and make comfortable your homes, within which cluster the dearest joys earth affords? How much to comfort and encourage the wife of your bosom, and to instruct your children—those ‘olive leaves around your table’—to become strong men and women, fitted to fight manfully the great battle of life? What can you do for the cause of morality, education, temperance, and good fellowship in your neighborhood?

We hope the New Year will witness many a high resolve carried into execution,

and many a household and community made glad by the loving kindnesses of its members.

And now, friends, one word about ourselves. We offer you a publication devoted exclusively to the interests of the tillers of the soil, and in which we wish them to hold converse with each other in their own language, and which will assist them in their investigations and experiments; enlighten them upon matters on which they are in doubt; inform them of new and valuable discoveries, and warn them against humbugs, and strive with them to raise Agriculture to that exalted station to which it is entitled. Now, what can you do in aid of such an undertaking? You can recommend it to your neighbors, and make an effort to get up a club of subscribers. Our terms are so extremely low, that it will require a large subscription to sustain it; and as it is the *Western Farmer's own Paper*, they must see to it that it is well supplied with the aliment appropriate to its condition. Furthermore every farmer should feel bound as he has opportunity, to write for his paper. Let him give to his brother farmers the results of his experience and researches. Let him make of them inquiries in matters in which he is ignorant, and let him do what he can to stimulate the cultivators of the soil to make our glorious valley the best cultivated, as it is now the most fertile region on the face of the earth.

☞ The Postage on the Valley Farmer is now only six cents a year to any part of the United States.

### Condition of Western Agriculture.

As we are entering upon a new year, it may not be amiss for us to look around a little and examine into our standing here in the West as a community of farmers.

The interest of the farmers! that interest which changes the barren wilderness into fruitful fields; which feeds the human family; which was the employment of our first parents in their state of innocence; which was honored by the patriarchs—Abraham, and Lot, and Isaac, and Joseph, and Job; which has enlisted the attentions and feelings of the best christians, the mightiest statesmen, and the purest patriots of all ages; and which, while trees grow and water runs, will continue to be the leading occupation of the world.

Although we have among us many farmers who for intelligence and enterprise will compare favorably with those of any other section of the country; but it is nevertheless true that taking the western country generally, there is vast room for improvement. It is lamentably true that our farmers are less intelligent and derive less aid from science than those of many other sections of our land. We do not wish to be understood as saying that they are more ignorant or less intelligent than other people. Generally speaking, we believe they know almost everything else better than the great laws which govern the operations of nature as manifested in the rural world, or the advantages which science has conferred upon those who study and follow her teachings.

There may be found all over the West men of intelligence, of enterprise, engaged in the pursuits of agriculture. These are the men who are fervent in every scheme of improvement; who seek for instruction, for information, who are not content to jog on in the old beaten track. They wish to profit by the experience of others—no matter whether the history of that experience comes to them in the pages of a book or a paper, or by the oral narration of the experimenter. They strive to discover the obstacles to successful cultivation that they may remedy them, and feeling the importance

and dignity of their calling, they endeavor to elevate it from a mere drudgery into an intellectual and honorable employment. Such men feel the want of unanimity of action among themselves; they do not act in concert, and it is to bring them together that they may impart to each other the benefits of their united experience and may combine their efforts for the production of their common good that the beneficial results of County and State Societies are witnessed. These, too, are the kind of men who are anxious to improve the breed of horses, cattle, and hogs, and for this purpose encourage the importation of breeding animals of choice and excellent qualities; and are anxious to not only excel themselves, but to excite a spirit of emulation in their neighbors. Their houses, barns, fences, orchards, gardens, and cattle show the thrift of their owner, and you will see from year to year a rapid and judicious improvement progressing about the premises. These are the men who raise the largest crops, the best oxen, and finest horses, and these are the men whose houses you visit, when you want to get good apples, choice peaches or delicious fruit of any kind. Here too, you will find science applied to the practical business of life; and the operations of the farm carried on in accordance with the laws of physiology and philosophy. These men, too, understand something of the object of life; are the patrons of schools, academies and colleges, and it is from such families that come forth the men who wield the destinies of the nation. Their houses are the abodes of comfort, of happiness, of love, where in the midst of all the beauties and comforts which Flora and Pomona so bountifully lavish upon those who sacrifice at their altars, the indwellers are taught to

‘Look through nature up to nature’s God.’

And while you will find in their houses all the legacies and luxuries which adorn and beautify human nature, there is no lack of the *substantials* of life, and those of the best quality. They act upon the proverb that ‘He who drives fat oxen should him-

self be fat,' and accordingly their tables are provided with all the healthy and inviting provisions which with but little trouble can be raised on every farm.

There is another class of farmers who cultivate as their fathers did; content to gather a scanty crop of 10 or 15 bushels of wheat and 30 or 35 of corn to the acre; to live on hog meat and hominy from year's end to year's end; to dwell in a log house with a stick chimney; to despise all instruction in their own business, under the impression that they know everything already. Such men—and there are plenty of them all over the State—will tell you that it is all foolishness to think of saving manure, and that deep plowing is a Yankee notion; that the idea of improving the breeds of cattle is all humbug, and that 'book farming' is only fit for fools and men who have plenty of money to throw away upon unprofitable experiments. Go to the farm of such a man, and you will find the door of his cabin hung on wooden hinges with a wooden latch, a puncheon floor, a stick chimney and the family all living, sleeping, eating, and drinking in one room. He has no barn, but a log stable, where he keeps his horses, and around which the heaps of manure have been collecting since its erection; and when this mass becomes so great as to render access to the stable difficult, why he will remove it (the stable we mean, not the manure) to another location and commence again, leaving a mass of fertilizing matter which if judiciously applied to his land would repay him ten fold for his trouble, a putrifying mass at his door. Perhaps, however, if he is fortunate enough to have a deep ravine, or stream of running water, near his house he will haul away the manure and 'dump' it down the bank. During the summer he sends his two or three scrawney cows to the range to get their living, keeping their calves shut up in a rail pen to 'toll' them home at night. When winter comes, his cattle and hogs congregate about the stack yard, or under the lee of his cabin or stable; wading in mire or sleeping on the frozen ground, exposed to

all the rains, snows, and sleet and piercing winds of our variable winters.

He keeps three dogs and no sheep. His hogs—the land shark breed—enjoy the 'largest liberty' to roam over the woods and into his neighbors' cornfields, and to sleep at night and to wallow by day in the quagmire directly in front of the door of his house. When pork and corn are high has wheat to sell, and when wheat is up, he has just shifted over to corn; and he abandons both and goes into the hemp or tobacco business just as those staples are a drug in the market.

Ask him to show you his garden, and he will tell you he has none, but that his wife planted a little truck patch just back of the stack yard, but that the fence was down and one day while he was gone to a log rolling or to town, the hogs got in and rooted it all up. If you ask him for his orchard, he will show you a few stunted apple and peach trees, contending with the weeds and grass for a chance to live, half of them, perhaps peeled of the bark, and many of their healthiest branches eaten off by the stock which have been permitted to run among them all winter, and he will tell you with a sigh that he has no luck in raising fruit. His children attend no school—their father and mother got along well enough without 'larnin' and he reckons they they can to. He would 'nt read an agricultural book or paper if he could, but firmly believes that the Democrats have ruined the country, or that we should see better times if Gen. Jackson were still alive and President.

NOTE.—In the pictures drawn in this article there are no personal allusions intended. We speak of farmers as classes of good and bad farmers, and have no reference to individual cases. We make this remark here, because we learn that some persons have supposed that certain articles heretofore published in the Farmer were aimed expressly at them; thereby provoking the well known reply, 'if the coat fits,' &c. All such persons would do much better to profit by our teachings than to spend their time in finding fault with us for point-

ing out their defects. In some of our succeeding numbers we intend to continue this subject, and give some of our notions of both good and bad farming. 'Nothing personal,' but true to nature.

#### Agricultural Meeting.

We have been requested to give notice to the Farmers, Stock Raisers, Fruit Growers and Gardeners of St. Louis county, and all persons interested in Agricultural Improvement, that a public meeting will be held at the Court House in St. Louis, on Monday, Jan. 10, for the purpose of forming an Agricultural Society, and transacting other business of vital importance to their welfare.

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—We take great pleasure in presenting to our readers the beautiful engraving of the N. Y. Crystal Palace, on the opposite page. For this engraving we are indebted to the courtesy of the gentlemanly proprietor of the *St. Louis Intelligencer*, who, at considerable cost, procured it for the readers of his paper.

**TRIMMING THE FARMER.**—We shall not hereafter have the edges of the Farmer cut or trimmed off before sending it to our subscribers. The reasons for this are various, but the principal is, that by trimming the margin is so much reduced that on binding there is not enough left to make a good looking book. Moreover it causes considerable delay in issuing each number. We shall make this up to our readers by using better paper, and giving more matter. We shall throw the table of contents and terms of the paper, also more or less of the commercial matter on to the advertising pages, thus giving full 36 pages of interesting and useful reading.

The paper will be neatly folded and stitched and when received the leaves should be smoothly separated with a folder or knife—not trimmed off with the scissors.

**AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSES.**—It will be seen by their advertisements that our old friends, Plant & Co., have taken a spacious house on Main street, and will keep both at this and their old stand, corner of Fourth and Green, a large and well selected stock of the various articles required by the farmer. We need no

better proof of the advancement of scientific agriculture among us than the increased demand for improved agricultural implements and seeds.

**TO EACH SUBSCRIBER.**—We send this number to our old subscribers, hoping they will continue to favor us with their patronage. We shall also send the whole Volume to all who do not order it stopped, and we hope not a subscriber will do that. We want every subscriber to consider himself an agent to obtain new names and forward them to us.

**CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.**—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of our friends Lynch & Tanguay, proprietors of Old Post Office Buildings Grocery. We have no hesitation in saying that a better selection of groceries cannot be found in St. Louis, and although they do not pretend to sell *at cost*, yet we believe they will give as good, (or better) bargains as any other house in the trade. We recommend our country friends to give them a call.

#### "THE MISCELLANY AND REVIEW."

This is the title of a monthly work, devoted to education, general literature, and everything instructive and useful to individuals and families, of which T. F. Risk, of this city, is the editor, and Mess. Risk & Ebbert, publishers. It is very handsomely executed, on fine paper, and in typography will compare advantageously with any publication in the West. It is issued simultaneously in Memphis and in this city.

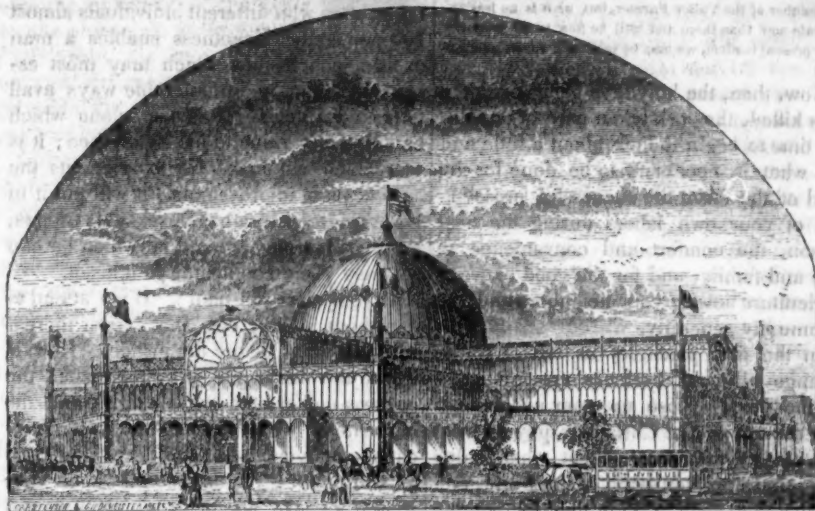
The number before us, being the first of the series, contains *fifty-six* well stored pages. Its varied character will be well understood when we say, that the table of contents embraces forty-six miscellaneous subjects, upon nearly all of which there is a good and practical essay. We have not before, met with a periodical furnishing an equal amount of useful reading. The original and selected articles evince talent and industry. Each number will contain 56 pages.

It is furnished at the low rate of \$2 per annum, in advance, or \$3 if the payment be deferred. Address, I. Ebbert, Memphis, or T. F. Risk, St. Louis.

*St. Louis Republican.*



# THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT NEW-YORK.



From the St. Louis Intelligencer.

Above will be found an accurate representation of this structure, now in process of erection at New-York. As much interest is felt throughout the country in the scheme—the success of which is placed beyond a peradventure—we have procured from New York the electro-type from which this is struck, for the benefit of our readers, to whom no mere description could convey so complete an idea of its appearance. It is from the designs of the architects, Messrs. CARSTENSEN & GILDKNEISTER.

The site of the edifice is in Reservoir Square, about two miles from the City Hall. It will be octagonal in its basement story, the galleries being in the form of a double cross, surmounted at the point of intersection by a magnificent dome 100 feet in diameter, 118 feet high within, and 149 feet to the top of the lantern.

The distance from one extremity of the cross to its opposite is 365 feet 5 inches, corresponding to the number of days in the year. Each arm of the cross is, on the ground plan, 149 feet broad, this is divided into a central nave and two aisles, one on each side—the nave 41 feet wide; each aisle 54 feet wide. On each front is a large semicircular fan-light 41 feet wide and 21 high. The nave or central portion is 67 feet high, and is of an arch 41 feet in diameter. There are to be two arched naves crossing one another at right angles. The exterior width of the ridgeway to the nave is 71 feet. At each angle is an

octagonal tower, eight feet in diameter and 75 feet high. Each aisle is covered with a gallery of its own width, 24 feet from the floor. There will be entrances from 40th and 42d streets, and from the sixth avenue, each 47 feet in width, the latter to be approached by eight steps. Besides these three there will be private entrances.

The material is to be iron and glass, after the manner of the London Palace of 1851. The number of columns on the basement will be 190 and on each gallery 122, hollow and eight inches in diameter. The whole number of square feet which it will contain will be 173,000, or nearly four acres, 62,000 feet of which is in the galleries.

The castings are now in process, and the contracts have been made to have the building in readiness by the first of May next. It will be the largest building in the United States, and although it does not equal in size and importance the structure which was erected last year in Hyde Park, it will be an object of great interest and an honor to those engaged in the project of the Industrial Exhibition.

It is confidently hoped that contributions from every branch of American industry and from every part of the country will send specimens of their labor and skill to the proposed Exhibition. The beneficial effects of the great London Exposition in all parts of labor and art have been widely felt, even in our own country. An American Exhibition offers proportionate attraction to America. How shall the producers, the mechanics, the artists of Missouri, be represented?

### Farmer's Work for January.

[Most of this article was published four years ago in the first number of the Valley Farmer, but as it is no less appropriate now than then, and will be new to the majority of our present readers, we may be pardoned for its publication.]

Now, then, the holidays being over, the hogs killed, the pork taken care of or sold, it is time to begin to look about a little and see what is necessary to be done for the good of the farm, the successful prosecution of your own labors during the next season, the comfort and convenience of wife and family, and for the good cause of Agriculture among your neighbors and the community generally.

In the first place, let us advise you to arrange all your business systematically for the year. Close up your accounts, if you did not do it at Christmas, pay up what you owe, if you can, collect what is due you; find how you stand in the world, and resolve this year to go in debt for nothing that you can get along without. If you have not hitherto done so, commence this year a regular set of account books, and make your entries in them promptly and carefully through the year, and no one who has not tried it can tell the satisfaction you will derive from it. Keep a regular cash account, and account of purchases and sales, an account current with all with whom you have dealings; and a stock book, to contain an appraisal of all your property with the additions or abstractions that may from time to time occur; and a wages book, if you hire help. Says the 'Farmers' Encyclopedia,'—'Let any farmer make the experiment, and he will find it both interesting and useful to know from year to year the actual product of his farm. Let everything, therefore, which can be measured and weighed be so tested; and let that which cannot be brought to an exact standard be estimated, as if he himself were about to sell or to purchase it. Let him, likewise, as near as possible, measure the ground which he plants, the quantity of seed which he uses, and the manure which he applies. The labor of doing this is nothing compared with the satisfaction of having done it, and the benefits which

must arise from it. Conjecture in these cases is perfectly wild and uncertain—varying often with different individuals almost 100 per cent. Exactness enables a man to form conclusions which may most essentially, and in innumerable ways avail to his advantage. It is that alone which can give any value to his experience; it is that which will make his experiments the sure basis of improvement; it will put it in his power to give safe counsel to his friends; and it is the only ground on which he can securely place confidence in himself.'

Is your store bill paid? If not attend to it without delay, else the keeper thereof will hale thee before the justice. How is it with the blacksmith, the shoe-maker, the harness-maker, the wheelwright, and the carpenter? Are they calling down imprecations on your head for not paying them as you promised to do when they did your work? Above all, are the minister and the schoolmaster paid according to promise? If not, do not let the sun go down till they have received their just recompense at your hands.

And in speaking about schoolmasters, reminds us that we must say a few words about schools. Now is the proper time to look after the manner in which your school is kept; and this is the season, too, when the 'big boys' ought to be regularly at school. Don't let them lose a day for any thing. Cold or hot, wet or dry, pleasant or stormy, start them off in right good season. You should no more let them lose a day now in going to 'town' or in 'hunting,' than you would in the middle of harvest.

'One of the first duties of the agriculturist,' says a judicious writer, 'is to endeavor to elevate himself and the class to which he belongs. And this can be done only by intelligence and faithfulness to all his duties. No idea is more injurious to the best interests of the farming population, than that of educating some one child for what is termed a 'learned profession,' and then regarding him as on this account superior to the other members of the family. Let our farmers endeavor to educate *all* their children *thoroughly*, not giving bread to

one and stones and serpents to the others. Let them bear in mind that education is as necessary to, and as much adorns and improves the cultivator of the soil, as the lawyer, the physician, or the minister. The more intelligent the man, the better the farmer, and, if virtuous, the more respected and useful the citizen.'

Have you got a cheap schoolmaster?—if so, heaven help the poor children, for it is but little that he will do for them. Is your schoolhouse all open to the storms, and without comfortable seats for the convenience of the scholars, and a great ark of a fire place that keeps two or three of the boys all the time employed chopping and bringing in wood? Is there a great mud hole just before the door of the house, so that the children can neither go in or out without getting up to their knees in the mud every time there comes a thaw? Do your children have to sit idle half the time, because they have not books suited to the studies you wish them to pursue? Well, its very likely, and you and your neighbors meanwhile, roasting your shins over the fire, or telling yarns at the grocery! Up! up! man, and rectify these things; *now* is the time to go about it. Don't wait till 'next fall.'

Attend personally to your cattle, horses, and hogs. Don't trust too much to the 'boys.' Is there an ample supply of good, wholesome water, or are the poor beasts dependent upon the stagnant pool which receives all the wash from the yard and stables? Let no fodder be wasted.—Weather-wise folks predict a severe winter and a good supply for March and April will not come amiss. What is the condition of your barns, stables and sheds? We suppose, of course, you have these things: if not, what can you provide as a shelter for your stock? A cow will give more milk when kept warm, than when exposed to the cold. Every farmer knows that cattle eat more in severely cold weather, and notwithstanding cows then give less milk; still, few farmers take sufficient care to protect their stock from the severity of the weather. Hogs, also, gain more on the

same food, when kept warm. A rail pen with a thatch or straw roof, is better than nothing, especially if you build it so that it will be sheltered from the northerly and easterly winds. But if you have any or all of these conveniences, they will need your constant attention. Do not let the hay, oats and provender be wasted for want of suitable feeding apparatus; nor allow your stables to remain so long without clearing out that your poor horses and cows are obliged to stand on an inclined plane, pitching down towards the head at an angle of forty-five degrees. How would you like to sleep on the roof of a house, with your feet at the ridge-pole and your head at the eaves trough.

All young cattle should have provided for them comfortable sheds, facing the south east or south east, the floors of which should be elevated an inch or so above the level of the enclosure into which the sheds open; the sheds should be well protected upon the north and west, should be deep enough when aided by a projecting roof, to keep off drifting rains; the stalls should be provided with bedding, and kept clean—and the animals themselves would be all the better of currying and combing, and rubbing down with straw. They should be fed three times a day with long provender, and receive once a day, a moderate feed of grain of some kind, or a mixture of cob meal, or bran, and cut-straw. If good size is desirable, all young cattle should be so fed as that the food given would contain the materials out of which bones, fat, muscles, and tendons are to be fabricated; for without the necessary substances be present in the food for such purposes, we do not conceive how they are ever to be formed. The idea of ever raising a fine animal upon half or quarter allowance of food, in our humble judgment, is entirely out of the question. Young cattle should always be kept in good heart—in good growing condition, neither very fat, nor poor. They should receive the allowance of salt, or salt, lime and ashes, recommended for milch cows—say in about one-half or three-fourths the quantity, according to age.

Leibig, the distinguished German Chemist, asserts that 'Our clothing is to be considered nearly in the light of an equivalent for a certain amount of food.' In all situations where the body is kept warm and comfortable by the protection of suitable garments, the demand for food, in order to sustain the natural functions of the system, will be less than where the protection is scanty, or but ill adapted to subserve the purpose for which it is designed. Now, this observation applies with no less force, to the management of ourselves and our children. A cow, forced to stand exposed to the weather in inclement seasons, to repose on the ground, or in a barn or hovel where the piercing blasts, have free access, necessarily requires a far larger amount of food than one carefully sheltered and provided with a comfortable stall and bed.—The difference above indicated, has been demonstrated by actual and repeated experiments to be from twenty-nine to one hundred per cent. in favor of the latter!—But this is not all. Exposure torpifies and emascuates the system, paralyzes the functions of the stomach, and opens the door for the introduction of many a fearful disease. An animal habitually exposed to cold, usually falls away. If a cow, 'she shrinks her milk,' if an ox he will experience a loss of vivacity, and become stupid and inert, and but feebly prepared to answer too exorbitant drafts made upon his muscular powers under the yoke. 'A merciful man is merciful to his beast.'

Further; do not let your cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, all be yarded together.—Such a plan will probably cost you much more than to keep them separate. We speak feelingly on this subject, because we have experienced some of the evil effects of this slackwater way of doing up things.—Well do we remember when the word was brought in one morning that old Brindle had cruelly gored our prize pet Berkshire—Allen McNab! and we were compelled to cut the throat of an animal that could not have been purchased with the price of half a dozen common full-grown hogs!—And your cows, mares, ewes, and sows

that are with young are liable to accidents of this kind every day, if they are herded promiscuously.

Look to your fruit trees; are the rabbits eating the bark of your young and choice trees; or are your cattle rubbing the bark off the larger ones?—And this suggests another thing—keep up your fences. Don't let the cattle and hogs get into either the garden, the orchard or the wheat field; for they will injure the shrubbery and plants in the first, the trees in the second, and tread the tender shoots of the expected crop of the last in the earth in such a manner as materially to affect the crop. Before you are aware of it, the swelling buds of your valued trees will be eaten by the cattle, in their eagerness for something green.

Look to the wood pile. It was a great shame that you had, last season, to break off in the midst of harvest to haul up a jag of wood, before your wife could get dinner; pray don't let that occur again. Chop wood enough to last you through the season, and if the going is so bad that you can not well get it home now, pile it up ready to be taken away at the earliest opportunity. Recollect if you want things to go on pleasantly within doors, and your dinner always prepared in season, one of the first essentials is dry fire wood. No woman who has to spend a great part of time in trying to make the fire burn; who has to hunt all around the place to find something to ignite the wet soggy wood you have provided her, can reasonably be expected to have any thing ready in season. We have known some men who never had any thing fit to burn; and we could not much blame their wives if they did, now and then get hold of an embryo axe or hoe handle and put it in the fire to make the pot boil. If you have no wood-house you can not do better than to set about building one this month; but at all events get up a bountiful supply of wood.

You may be preparing for your fences. Get as many rails ready and on the ground as you will need in the spring, and if your have time it would be a good plan to prepare a stretch of post and rail fence. It is



more durable and occupies less ground than the worm fence. We have no disposition to discourage you from making as many experiments as you choose to substitute other structures for the old-fashioned method of enclosing the field, but for some years to come our chief dependence will have to be on the old mode.

Every thing about the place should now be put to rights. Your farming implements should be securely housed, examined, repaired, if necessary, and put in complete order for spring work. Broken hinges should be replaced by new ones; missing latches supplied; racks and fodder boxes constructed; good substantial gates made to take the place of those rickety old bars which have hitherto caused you so much inconvenience.

And then the home department; can you do nothing to make that more comfortable? Can the work of the house be rendered no easier by such little arrangements as you can easily make; a shelf here, a bench there, or a drain in another place; a firm, dry walk to the well and the wood-house, and that broken uneven hearth relaid, the broken windows mended, and that broken plank in the floor replaced with a new one.

This is the season for the cultivation of the social feelings, and for intellectual improvement. During these long winter evenings how much may you contribute to the fund of knowledge of yourself and family by appropriating them to useful reading and conversation. The mighty upheavings and overturnings in the old world, and their effects upon our own land, the doings of Congress and the State Legislature, all are of importance to you, and you should keep yourself well informed about them; and, by the way, these law makers need very close watching, or they will give the farmers the go-by, and legislate only for the good of lawyers, merchants and speculators.

What can you do for the glorious cause of Agriculture? Is there a Society in your county, and are you a member of it? If there is none what can you do towards starting one. We have no room now to go into a detail of all the advantages to be de-

rived by the farmers from an efficient county organization; suffice to say that the unanimous opinion of the best agriculturists, is, that to Agricultural Societies and Agricultural Periodicals belongs the credit of the most substantial improvements.

When you build selfishly, you build frailly. When your acts are hostile to the broad interests of your fellow-men, they are seed which will one day come up weeds, to choke your own harvest-field.

When we sow the best fields of life with our appetites, we cannot but reap hates and fears. Blighting disappointment comes from thwarted greeds, from frustrated self-seeking.

From The Wool Grower.

#### The Herefords.

The Herefords are a distinct breed of neat cattle and have long been bred to a considerable extent in England, where they are held in high estimation, especially for grazing. Their introduction and dissemination into this country has been comparatively slow, and hence they are yet little known in many sections. Of late years, however, they appear to have gained more in public favor, and now rank as a most beautiful and profitable breed.

Marshall gives the following description of the Herefords:—"The countenance pleasant, cheerful, open; the forehead broad; eye full and lively; horns bright, taper, and spreading; head small; chap lean; neck long and tapering; chest deep; bosom broad, and projecting forward; shoulder-bone thin, flat, no way protuberant in bone, but full and mellow in flesh; chest full; loin broad; hips standing wide, and level with the chine; quarters long, and wide at the neck; rump even with the level of the back, and not drooping nor standing high and sharp above the quarters; tail slender and neatly haired; barrel round and roomy, the carcass throughout deep and well spread; ribs broad, standing flat and close on the outer surface, forming a smooth, even barrel, the hindmost large and full of length; round-bone small, snug, and not prominent; thigh clean, and regularly tapering; legs upright and short; bone

below the knee and hook small; feet of middle size; flank large; flesh everywhere mellow, soft, and yielding pleasantly to the touch, especially on the chine, the shoulder, and the ribs; hide mellow, supple, of a middle thickness, and loose on the neck and huckle; coat neatly haired, bright and silky; color, a middle red, with a bald face characteristic of the true Herefordshire breed.

Youatt further describes them as follows: 'They are usually of a darker red; some of them are brown, and even yellow, and a few are brindled; but they are principally distinguished by their white faces, throats, and bellies. In a few the white extends to the shoulders. The old Herefords were brown or redt brown, with not a spot of white about them. It is only within the last fifty or sixty years that it has been the fashion to breed for white faces. Whatever may be thought of the change of color, the present breed is certainly far superior to the old one. The hide is considerably thicker than that of the Devon, and the beasts are more hardy. Compared with the Devons, they are shorter in the leg, and also in the carcass; higher and broader, and heavier in the chine; rounder and wider across the hips, and better covered with fat; the thigh fuller and more muscular, and the shoulders larger and coarser.

They are not now much used for husbandry, although their form adapts them for the heavier work; and they have all the honesty and docility of the Devon ox, and greater strength, if not his activity. The Herefordshire ox fattens speedily at a very early age, and it is therefore more advantageous to the farmer, and perhaps to the country, that he should go to market at three years old, than be kept longer as a beast of draught.

They are not as good milkers as the Devons. This is so generally acknowledged, that while there are many dairies of Devon cows in various parts of the country, a dairy of Herefords is rarely to be found. To compensate for this, they are even more kindly feeders than the Devons. Their beef may be objected to by some as being occasionally too large in the bone, and the fore-quarters being

coarse and heavy; but the meat of the best pieces is often very fine-grained and beautifully marbled. There are few cattle more prized in the market than the genuine Herefords.'

Allen's Domestic Animals, published in 1850, quotes Youatt's description, and adds:—'There have been several importations of the Herefords into the United States, which by crossing with our native cattle, have done great good; but with the exception of a few fine animals at the South, we are not aware of there being kept in a state of purity, till the importation of the splendid herd, within the last six years, by Messrs. Corning and Sotham. These Herefords are among the very best which England can produce, and come up fully to the description of the choicest of the breed.—Mr. Sotham, after an experience of several years, is satisfied with the cows for the dairy; and he has given very favorable published statements of the results of their milking qualities, from which it may be properly inferred, that Youatt drew his estimates from some herds which were quite indifferent in this property. They are peculiarly the grazier's animal, as they improve rapidly and mature early on medium feed. They are excelled for the yoke, if at all, only by the Devons, which, in some features, they strongly resemble. Both are probably divergent branches of the same original stock.

The breed was exceedingly well represented at the late Fair of our State Agricultural Society. Relative to the exhibition on that occasion, we may here repeat a few sentences published in our October number, as follows:—'The Herefords showed bravely. It is evident to any one who understands the 'signs of the times,' that this breed is becoming more and more esteemed, as its intrinsic value is known. It seems to have overcome in a great measure, the bitter prejudice and rival jealousy which for some time beset its progress in this country.—Comparing the different classes of cattle as they were exhibited on this occasion, a fair verdict must certainly give the Herefords a rank as to character and quality, unsurpassed by any other breed.

For the Valley Farmer.

**The Farmer.**

Of all pursuits by man invented,  
The Farmer lives the most contented;  
His calling good, his profits high,  
And on his labor all rely.

Mechanics all by him are fed,  
Of him the Merchant seeks his bread,  
His hand gives meat to every thing,  
Up from the beggar to the king.

The milk and honey, corn and meat,  
Are by his labors made complete;  
Our cloth from him must first arise,  
To deck the fop and dress the wise.

We then by vote may justly eate,  
The Farmers rank among the great,  
More independent than they all,  
That dwell upon this earthly ball.

Hail all ye farmers young and old,  
Push on your plow with courage bold  
Your wealth arises from your clod,  
Your independence from your God.

Since then the plow supports the nation,  
And men of rank of every station,  
Let kings to farmers make a bow,  
And every man procure a plow.

**MEASUREMENT OF HAY IN BULK.**—Multiply the length, breadth and height of the hay into each other, and if the hay is somewhat settled, ten solid yards will weigh a ton. Clover will take 11 to 12 yards to a ton.

**BUSHEL.**—The Imperial (English) bushel contains 2,218.192 cubic inches.

The Winchester (American) bushel contains 2,150.42 cubic inches.

An English Quarter of Wheat is eight Imperial bushels of 70 pounds each, equal to 9 1-3 American bushels of 60 pounds each.

**CISTERNS.**—The solid contents of a cistern five feet deep, 4 feet six inches long in the longest head, and four feet in the smallest head, are 555 1-4 gallons. Six feet deep, five feet six inches longest head, and five feet in the smallest head are 977 gallons. Seven feet deep, six feet ten inches longest head, six feet smallest head, are 1742 gallons.

For the Valley Farmer.

**The Osage Orange.***Cultivation the first year.*

Perhaps many subscribers to the Valley Farmer may wish some information on the cultivation of the Osage Orange. I will give my experience the past season. I purchased one pound of the seed of Messrs. Plant & Salisbury, of St. Louis, for 60 cts. I put the seed with as much water (not boiling but hot enough to burn the hand) as would cover them an inch; then set them on the mantle for three days, after which I prepared my ground and sowed them in drills, the seeds about half an inch apart, and covered them from half an inch to an inch in depth. In two weeks some of the plants began to make their appearance, while it was five or six weeks before others showed themselves above ground. The first weeding was very tedious, after that not more than a drill of parsnips. I have about 2500 plants from the pound of seed. Some are three feet high, with thorns about one inch in length, and as sharp as needles. I think it would be advisable to sow the seed in a piece of ground that has been well cultivated the previous year.

JOHN C. GARNET.

Shelby Co., Mo.

For the Valley Farmer.

**CURE FOR FOOT EVIL ON HORSES.**

Take one ounce of corrosive sublimate, and half a pint of soft soap. Put them into a wide mouthed bottle and shake them well together. In twenty-four hours it will be ready for use. With a feather apply the mixture to the diseased part of the foot every third day, until three applications are made. Keep the horse in a dry lot or stable, and nothing more will be necessary to effect a complete cure.

The above is a valuable cure for foot evil, and I have no doubt you would confer a great favor on farmers by giving it publicity in your valuable journal.

Boone Co., Mo.

M. P. LIENTZ.

All grain crops should be harvested before the grain is thoroughly ripe.

**AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.**—A. J. DOWNING, the eminent horticultural writer, of New York,—who lately perished by the burning of the steamer *Henry Clay* on the Hudson river,—was emphatically a *self-made* man. His early years were quietly and humbly passed, on the same spot where he always resided, in pursuits which gave a bias to his life. His father was a poor but respectable nursery-gardener, and the advantages of mental culture which the son enjoyed were not such as most young men would consider as indispensable to success. He was not a graduate of any college. His classical studies, under a teacher, proceeded no further than the limit of an academic course. He was for some time a member of an institution at Montgomery; but even there his fellow-students saw in the quiet, thoughtful, and reserved boy, no token of that genius which was so soon to out-strip them all, and place their young friend in a prominent position before the world. His maiden essay was a description of the *Danshamer*, a point on the Hudson. This was published in the *New York Mirror*, and followed by a similar paper regarding Beacon Hill, &c. A discussion on Novel reading, written soon after, and some papers on Botanical Science, in a Boston Journal, are all the printed records of this stage of his life. Years of unrecorded toil succeeded, during whose slow lapse his mind gradually fastened on those subjects to which he afterwards devoted the whole strength and enthusiasm of his being. Young and self-guided, it was strange that sound practical wisdom should so early master dreams of a boy, and mark out for him an unique and untrodden path, whose only aim and end was the improvement and happiness of his fellow-men. For some time before giving himself exclusively to the peculiar literature of his profession, Mr. Downing was the proprietor of an extensive nursery-garden, where he wrought out most of his ideas on horticulture and arboriculture, and earned, by experience, the right to speak with authority.

In 1840 his first work was published.

This drew public attention at once by its immediate conformity to the want already felt in our country. From 1840 to the present time his course has been one of undoubted success.—*Knickerbocker*.

He has not left in the United States, nor perhaps in the world, one worthy to succeed him. But is there no boy or young man in Michigan, now gaining his daily bread by the side of one of our lovely lakes, or in the bosom of an opening, or on the skirts of a forest,—silent, quiet, humble, perhaps dreamy, and despised by his more worldly neighbors, who daily drinking in the graces and proportions of nature, and nurturing in the deep recesses of his soul the poet's love of beauty, who in a few years shall step forward, and a Western Downing, beginning where the late one left off, carry to still further perfection that beautiful science which has so much added to the pleasure of country life, and the enjoyment of nature? We trust there is; for the sons of the fathers and mothers who have made Michigan what we find it, cannot prove useless or insignificant.—*Farmer's Companion*.

**THE JAPANESE EXPEDITION.**—Among the articles to be taken out are the following:—A locomotive and ten miles of railroad iron, a telegraphic apparatus with wire sufficient to lead from the Emperor's palace to one of the principal towns, an apparatus for taking daguerreotypes, a magnificent barge for the Emperor, and some fifty boxes of domestic goods of all kinds and descriptions.

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The first column of this intended edifice was raised on Saturday the 30th ult., in the presence of Governor Hunt, Mayor Kingsland, Archbishop Hughes, Senator Beekman, and other distinguished individuals. The pillar was raised into its place at 12 1-2 o'clock by a derrick amid the enthusiastic shouts of the spectators and firing of cannon. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Mr. H. Meggs called for 'Three cheers for the Crystal Palace,' which was loudly responded to, and immediately afterwards the assemblage separated.—*N. Y. Paper*.



Correspondence of the Valley Farmer.

GLASGOW, Mo, Nov. 1852.

*Friend Abbott:*—Having spent somths and over, traveling, doing business, visiting, and sight-seeing;—having finished my business, satisfied my curiosity, and spent a most agreeable visit with my numerous friends and relatives, (many of whom I had not seen for the previous ten years,) I have at length returned home to Missouri. And although the time, during my visit has passed most pleasantly—indeed, so much so that I have nothing to regret on that score, still I felt on nearing my Western home a thrill or ardent satisfaction. The people of the West may not be so polished, nor so refined, as those of the East, but they have about them a manly openness and candor, a warmth of heart, and a sincerity of purpose that one cannot help but love and admire.

As I was about leaving New York city, a cousin of mine, a merchant, invited me to visit with him the Greenwood Cemetery. Stepping aboard the street cars, we were carried down town, at the rate of seven miles an hour—twenty minutes ride, brought us within a mile of Fulton ferry; in walking towards which we passed by the plain but substantial looking building where Gen. Washington kept his head quarters seventy-five years before. The house is still used for a hotel, and is keep in good repair. Devoting a moment to patriotic reflections, and remembrances of our country's early history, we passed on, and were soon aboard the Fulton ferry boat, which took us across East river, three-fourths of a mile in width, to the city of Brooklyn;—(fare one cent each; certainly cheap ferrage.)

Here hiring a hackney coach, a pleasant ride of two miles, over an excellent road, brought us to the cemetery. Although, being Sunday, the grounds were not open to visitors, still my friend being a proprietor, we were admitted with the utmost politeness. The enclosure consists of 250 acres, and both nature and art seem to have done their utmost to render it beautiful. Very many of the primitive forest trees, pine, oak, and cedar, still remain, interspersed with others planted by the hand of man, together with numerous ornamental and flowering shrubs, which adorn and beautify the last resting place of the dead. The cemetery grounds present just sufficient of hill and dale, to give a romantic variety to the scenery; and here and there embowered among the trees, the clear sparkling water of artificial lakes and fountains, glances in the sunbeams. From the centre of Willow lake, (so called from the weeping willows that fringe and overhang its banks,) an artificial fount throws up a jet of water some forty feet in the air. Well gravelled carriage ways, and foot paths, wind along in every direction, around the hills and through the valleys, among the trees and shrub-

bery, forming a network, a labarynth of paths, in which a stranger might lose his way, almost as easily as in the great city itself. The cemetery grounds are owned by a joint stock company, who some twenty years ago purchased and enclosed, and have since beautified and adorned them. They have laid off the greatest portion into lots from twenty to forty feet square, which are sold to the wealthy citizens of New York and Brooklyn for private family burying grounds. Prices of unenclosed lots vary, from \$150 to \$1000. Each purchaser receives what is termed a proprietor's ticket, which secures to himself and friends admission into the grounds upon all occasions. Some lots are enclosed with green hedges, some with wire trellis work, and others with almost every variety of ornamental fence, according to the taste, fancy, or caprice, of the various owners.

Within a short distance from the entrance, and south from Willow lake, several acres are laid off into long rows of parallel unenclosed graves, where the poorer citizen, who wishes to buy room enough for a single grave only, is able for a few dollars to purchase an humble 'six feet by two,' in which to deposit, under a plain slab of white marble, the remains of some dear friend; perhaps not less loved, nor less worthy, than he whose clay sleeps in the aristocratic grave, under the lofty sculptured monument, not far distant, of which we get an imperfect view through the surrounding trees.

As we walk up the winding avenues, or pursue the serpentine paths, among the private lots, elaborately sculptured tombs, miniature temples, and groups of marble statuary, every few moments disclose themselves to our view, half hid among the trees and shrubbery, and often tastefully adorned with flowers. We can scarcely realize that we are traveling a city of the dead; it seems more like the garden of Paradise.

Few visitors are abroad through the grounds but here and there we met a solitary mourner, whose grief-stricken countenance reveals the most poignant sorrow.

Among the most splendid monuments to be seen, is that of Miss. Charlotte Conda. It occupies nearly an entire lot, and perfectly unites magnificence with simple though exquisite beauty. Her remains are covered with a miniature temple, some 12 or 15 feet high, seemingly cut from solid marble; this temple is flanked, on either side by a sculptured angel, with wings half outspread. The temple is cut from gray, the angels are of white marble; various other sculptural figures, complete the design, which can only be appreciated by being seen. A story is connected with this monument, which renders it the more interesting. As the tale is short I will relate it. Miss. Charlotte Conda was a young lady of nineteen-

and moved in the highest circles of New York society. She was a paragon of beauty, of intelligence, and of goodness, the admiration of her numerous friends, and the pride, almost the idol of her father—for he had neither son nor daughter else beside her. She was betrothed to a young man who was worthy of her love; the wedding day was set, the wedding dresses were procured, the wedding guests invited. On the afternoon of the day, whose morrow was to have seen her a happy bride, she rode out in company with the intended bridegroom. The horses took fright, the carriage was overturned, the young lady was killed. Thus the young and the beautiful perished. Death was the bridegroom; the woful had a wedding feast. Overwhelmed with grief, the father caused this monument to be erected to her memory. Twenty thousand dollars had been previously left to Miss Conda by a deceased relative. The whole of this sum and more besides, was expended by her father, in the erection of this monument. To apply the legacy to any other use, appeared to him to be little else than sacrilege. The beautiful design was drawn by Miss C. herself, during a leisure hour. She little thought then, that she was designing the monument so soon to be erected over her own cold clay. Thus pass away the good and the beautiful from among us.

J. W. BROWN.

### Pea Culture in Indiana.

Knowing something of the pea as a field crop when I was a boy, residing in the State of New York, where it is extensively grown, I determined some three or four years ago to make the experiment here. I found the seed scarce, and was obliged to purchase in small quantities of three different persons—sowed each variety, as I supposed by itself, but found when ripening all *mixed*, some 'dead ripe,' others scarcely out of bloom. The yield, as you well know, was a poor one, and the pea bug rendered worthless, or nearly so, those I did raise. Not entirely discouraged, however, and not distinguishing among them the variety, as I thought, that is familiarly known in New York as the Canada field pea, I sent and obtained from J. P. Fogg & Co., Rochester, N. Y., the pure seed.

Then the depredations of the pea bug, that is so fatal to its cultivation, nearly everywhere haunted me; but having read 'a long, long time ago,' in the Genesee Farmer, (a paper that I have always taken since it was established, some fifteen years or more ago,) that to prevent the depredations of the bug, peas should be sown after the 10th of June, I made the experiment; sowed one-half first of April, the other half 18th of June. 'Book farming, eh!' exclaimed a friend to whom I explained what I had been doing. 'It's all in your eye

—the only reason why your peas will not be stung, will be because there will be no peas to sting.' Now for the result; those sown in April produced somewhat the largest crop, but were literally alive with bugs; those sown in June entirely free from them. Satisfied with the experiment, I sowed several acres this season, the 10th of June. I have just gathered them, and find no mark of the sting of the insect; the yield is much the largest I have ever had.


My method of cultivation, is to prepare the ground well and sow about three bushels to the acre. I intend to experiment further next year, by sowing four bushels. I am inclined to think they will stand up firmer and yield more. I observe this season that uniformly where they stood thickest on the ground, they stood up better and looked finer. Yield from fifteen to twenty bushels—this year somewhat more. They should be gathered when fully ripe. Mow them with a sythe, in dry weather. Avoid rain if possible, and get them in the barn. If there is no mow room, thresh out immediately, clean up as soon as threshed, and give them the benefit of the barn floor for a few days until they are perfectly dry, as they will heat if put up in bulk. I lost some in that way last season. The straw should be saved, as it is better for stock than wheat straw or poor hay.

Next, as to the use and value of the crop, which is the important part of the subject. The uses are various; as food for stock it highly valuable and profitable in Eastern States, but whether it will prove so here or not I am not sufficiently posted up to speak definitely, but am inclined to think not, in our great corn districts. If I should raise them for that purpose, I should sow earlier, as the bug does not materially affect their value if fed immediately, and the yield is rather larger. They give hogs a fine start early in the fall immediately after the stubbles are exhausted by fencing off and turning in, or cutting—feeding vines and all. A little later, and before corn is fit to feed, they may be boiled with pumpkins and potatoes—indeed, if properly managed, but little or no corn will be required to make fine pork. It is thus properly managed elsewhere and I can see no reason why it may not be here.

The result of my experience, then, in the raising of peas amount to this: Those that I raised last season were the first that I sold. The product of the April sown peas were alive with bugs, and to prevent them from emigrating, fed them to my hogs. Those sown in June sold freely at two dollars per bushel, and I could not supply the demand; but what added peculiar interest to the matter was, that two bushels were sold to the person who thought that raising peas free from bugs was 'all in your eye.'—Indiana Farmer.

From the Boston Cultivator.

### Breeds of Swine.

 It is only a few years since it was very common to hear an expression signifying that the breed of the hog is in the food he gets. This notion has been to a great extent eradicated, but it is not yet without advocates. There is still some who do not believe there is any thing in the breed, because they 'cant't see how it is.' But that is no reason for denying the fact. They can't see how it is that in a parcel of pear seeds, all of which to outward appearances are just alike, and probably would appear so by the nicest chemical test, some will produce fruit the most delicious and melting, and others with precisely the same advantages of soil and culture, fruit which is the most crabbed and austere. They can't see how it is that the bear should line and cover his carcass with fat to the amount nearly equal to half his whole weight, and which supplies his lamp of life for five months in the year, while the wolf and the fox remain lean and gaunt. They can't see how it is that the same kind of food when eaten by the ox, the sheep, and the turkey, or the common fowl, produces meat which to human taste is of very different qualities.

All these effects are obvious; yet we cannot see their causes, nor fully understand them. All we can say is, they result from the varied nature of things. They show, however, that there is in the original germ of plants and animals, a principle which produces certain peculiarities, greatly affecting their value for the purposes of man. This principle is not only manifested in the characteristics of different species, but exists more or less in varieties of the same species. We see its effect in the different kinds of wheat, and in other species of grain,—in varieties of peas, beans, apples, potatoes, &c.—and in the peculiarities of the different varieties of the dog, the sheep, the hog, and other domestic animals. It is man's business to study these peculiarities, and secure and apply them in those ways which will render them most subservient to his wants.

Geological researches have proved that the hog is one of the most ancient of mammiferous animals. His fossilized bones have been found in various places, associated with those of the mastodon, dinotherium, a gigantic species of deer, and other animals long since extinct. An able zoologist (Martin) observes: 'Of the identity of these bones with those of the ordinary wild hog, all doubt has been removed by the most rigorous comparisons.' The same writer remarks: 'It were useless to ask how it is that while the mammoth and the mastodon, the urus, the huge red-deer, the gigantic cervus megaloceros, hyenas, enormous bears, and powerful feline animals, have perished in times geologically recent, the wild hog

continues its race. We cannot solve the mystery. It has escaped the fate of these animals—its cotemporaries—whatever might have been the cause of their own annihilation, and though no longer tenant of our island (Britain) it is spread throughout a great portion of Europe and Asia.'

The hog is not a native of America. The South American peccary, though of the same order, belongs to a different genus. But in the uncultivated parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, the wild hog has existed from time immemorial, and no less than eight species are enumerated by naturalists as inhabiting those countries at the present day.

The domestic hog was evidently derived from the wild though it can hardly be supposed that any one species of the latter has been the parent of all the domestic breeds. On the contrary, the great diversities of character, which the domesticated animal presents in different countries, is probably owing in a great degree to its affinity with various original stocks. Experiments have proved that the domestic hog is capable of breeding with different wild species, and that a prolific offspring is the result.

The subjugated animal is very different in his disposition and instincts from his untamed ancestor. The common hog is as dependent as most other domestic animals. In his natural state on the contrary, he is sagacious, bold and independent. When of mature age, and in possession of all his faculties, he acknowledges no superior, and will not turn from his path for the proudest beast of the forest. Even the tiger and lion have found themselves unable to withstand his furious charge, and have been laid in the dust by wounds from his formidable tusks.

But the domestic hog soon regains many of the primitive habits of the race, when allowed his liberty in situations where he can supply himself with food. The semi-wild character of the 'wood-hog' of our southern and western states, shows this. Even in his ordinary bondage, he is by no means the stupid and senseless animal which some have imagined him. He frequently manifests considerable intelligence, and his intellect is capable of great development. Everybody has heard of 'learned pigs,' which among other tricks, would spell out various names by arranging the letters of the alphabet. Pigs may also be encouraged to defend themselves against other animals. We saw not long since, an advertisement of 'a fighting pig,' weighing forty pounds, which was offered to be matched against any dog of any size. A more extraordinary instance of the education of this animal, is that of the 'sporting pig,' described in *Daniel's Rural Sports*. This animal, a black sow called *Stut*, was actually broke to find and stand game,

like a pointer dog. She was of the sort of swine which run in the New Forest, so called where they chiefly obtain their support. She was trained by the brothers Toomer, gamekeepers to Sir Henry Mildmay. After a few weeks trial, according to the statement, 'she would retrieve birds that had run as well as the best pointers, nay, her nose was superior to the best pointer her trainers ever possessed, and no two men in England had better. She appeared to take great delight in hunting, and often went alone, the distance of seven miles, from the residence of one of the Toomer's to the other, 'as if to court being taken out shooting.' She lived till she was ten years old, and was then killed because she was suspected of having aided in the disappearance of audry lambs. She had got fat and sluggish, and weighed 700 pounds.

From the Grand River Chronicle.

### Culture of the Osage Orange.

Capt. W. Y. Slack of this place, recently commenced enclosing a farm near town with this newly adopted Hedge; and desiring information as to the best mode of cultivating it addressed a letter containing the following queries to an experienced agriculturist of Lafayette county, Mo., who has for several years been past experimenting upon the Osage Orange:

1. At what time should the Osage Orange be cut? and how far above the ground?
2. Should it be dug up the first winter, or be left standing in the ground?
3. How far apart should they be planted in the hedge?
4. Will the tops that are cut off grow, if planted out?

Mr. George Houx, to whom the foregoing interrogatories were addressed, promptly returned the following answers, for which he is entitled to the thanks of that class of our community who are interested in the important subject under consideration:

CHESNUT GROVE, }  
September 40, 1852. }

W. Y. SLACK, Esq.—Sir: A letter came to the post office, Lexington, to the address of Robert Houx, which, when read, was intended for me, as I am the only one of the name engaged in hedging, and as it affords me pleasure to impart any information I may have on the subject, I answer—

1st. Cut off any time in March three inches from the ground.

2d. Leave it standing.

3d. From six to ten inches.

4th. Some will live, but won't pay for the trouble.

I've been hedging for six years, and I will give you my opinions as the best possible

manner of rearing a hedge, from my experience during that time.

1st. Procure good seed—age will not hurt. Plant in rows about four feet apart—thick as you please in a row—in new ground well pulverized by plowing, harrowing, &c. Stretch a line where you want your row—make an impression in the soft dirt with it—drop the seed in and cover about an inch with soil. Plant from the middle of March, to the same in April.—Keep perfectly clean till the first of August. This is your nursery.

2d. The next spring—in the month of March, if possible—when you want to set out your hedge, prepare your ground after the following manner: Plow so as to throw the dirt to the centre, a land or bed about fourteen feet wide. If the soil is damp or wet, throw it up two or three times. Then right in the centre of this bed, run your plow as deep as you can, to set your scions in. When there are swags in the land, so that water might collect against your bed for the hedge, you must open a channel or channels for the water to pass off. Go into your nursery and cut off all the scions three inches above the ground; use for that purpose a common 'drag' hemp-hook, made from an old scythe blade; then use a long mattock for digging up the scions, leaving at least six inches of root to them. Then assort them—throwing the large and small ones into two separate piles. Plant out as assorted. Strew them along the furrow; let one hand simply place and put a little dirt to them, so as to hold, while another follows with a hoe and throws the dirt from both sides of the furrow to, and around the scions; there is no necessity for pressing the dirt to them. Cultivate with a small plow hoe (throwing the dirt to them) till the first of August.

3d. The next spring, in March, cut off three or four inches above the first cutting; cultivate again as before.

4. The next spring, in March, cut off twelve inches above the second cutting; cultivate as before, only they will not need so much. If you choose, you can cut off again eighteen inches above the third cutting. For myself, I let them go without the fourth cutting.

In agricultural works published in the older states, I have seen a good many plans for rearing a hedge from the Osage Orange. Some say, lean the tops down, and wind or lock them all along the row; others recommend cutting two or three times a year, and some say plant the slips or cuttings; but my experience and I've tried all these plans as well as others) teaches me that the directions I have given are the best ways to rear it and to make it a good hedge.

I have never planted out scions of any kind that did so well as the 'Osage Orange'



—all grow; and they are well adapted to this climate. They don't grow so well on wet land as dry, and if your hedge is planted on any wet land, it would be well enough, during the fall of the first year they are planted out to throw some grass or straw about them.

I forgot to mention that in cultivating your nursery, you can do it in part with a plow; and if you want to make any cross fencing, they may be planted ten or twelve inches apart. All your hedging will have to be protected by a rail fence, till it is ready for use as a fence. You need not have any fears of its sprouting from close plowing and breaking the roots, as will the common locust. It is a rare thing to see a sprout from it at all.

I have turned out two short strings of my hedge, exposed to all the stock, from the largest ox to the smallest pig, and nothing as yet has been able to penetrate it. I am fully convinced that it will answer every purpose for fencing, and would grow it if I were farming in the big cotton-wood bottoms on the Missouri.

I have been hedging for six years. The first two or three were merely experiments; and I am satisfied that in four or five years, with proper attention, a hedge can be made that will answer every purpose of the best rail fence, with these additional advantages—heavy winds will not blow it down, and you do not have to reset it every spring or two. I have now something over two miles of hedging. Respectfully,

GEORGE HOUX.

**WATER FOR SHEEP IN WINTER.**—Sheep as well as any other domestic animals should be regularly supplied with water. When fed on dry food alone, it is indispensably necessary to their health, and in some experiments mentioned in the Genesee Farmer, the South Downs, a large breed of sheep, were found to eat about three pounds of clover hay per day, drinking in the same time about three pounds of water. When confined on less quantity they eat less hay, and lost in flesh during the week of the trial.

**ANOTHER FREAK.**—The editor of the Poughkeepsie Eagle has seen specimens of apples grown in Dutchess county, that display the eccentricity sometimes discovered in the growth of fruit. The apples are six in number all grown upon the same graft, two of them are sour or tart, having all the essentials of a regular greening, two are perfectly sweet and two mixed—each being part sweet and part sour,—the different properties being marked by seams on the outside, and by the different colors. Such a variety in apples, from the same stock, is very unusual.

From The Genesee Farmer.

### Culture of Dwarf Fruit Trees.

BY P. BARRY, ROCHESTER.

The attention given at the present time to the culture of dwarf fruit trees, both in the garden and orchard, in all parts of the country, renders the subject one of the most important in the whole range of horticulture; and at a hazard of repeating what we may have heretofore said, we will take the occasion to offer a few hints on their management. We are well convinced from hundreds of letters received from those who are engaged or engaging in their culture, that with all the information that has been in various ways elicited within a year or two past, there yet exists a very general want of that particular kind of knowledge—and not only knowledge, but of that earnestness and appreciation—so indispensable to success. A vast number of persons who never before gave a thought to fruit culture, are all at once tempted into it by the irresistible attractiveness of some dwarf trees, not over three or four years old, which they have seen loaded with magnificent fruit in a neighbor's garden. They look upon this as an example of fruit culture 'made easy,' and as a proof—as proof it is—that half a life time need not be spent in waiting for their trees to bear. A resolution is at once formed to plant a garden, perhaps an orchard. The ground is plowed after a fashion, the nearest oracle is consulted in regard to the *best sorts*, the trees are procured and planted; and there the work ends. The next year, or year after, the trees are expected to be loaded with such beautiful fruit as those which first awoke their enthusiasm and enticed them to become planters; but alas! where are they? Not one to be seen, perhaps; and not only that, but the trees generally are wanting in that vigorous, luxuriant appearance, that indicates a perfect state of health; they are, in fact, *unthrifty* and *unfruitful*, looking quite as much like dying as living. At this stage of the proceedings, it is suggested by a knowing one that these dwarf trees are a 'humbug.' 'I told you so.' Thus results, and thus will result, the hasty, ill-advised planting enterprises of a multitude of persons. We are by no means drawing upon the imagination in this matter, and we have not the least doubt but that many who read this will recognize the course of proceeding pointed out as bearing a striking resemblance to theirs.

We are very far from being disposed to aggravate the difficulties of fruit culture, or to try to persuade people that there is any mystery in the art of good cultivation, or any obstacle in the way, that common care and skill cannot remove. On the contrary, we aim, and have always aimed, at giving every encouragement in our power consistent with the truth.

We must confess, however, that we are frequently surprised at the comparative recklessness with which people embark in planting—spend perhaps ten, twenty, or even fifty dollars for trees, without possessing a single correct practical idea of their treatment; without having consulted any reliable work, or engaged the assistance of a competent person; relying merely upon the uncertain light of a few vague ideas picked up from some very questionable sources. What else can such people reasonably expect but a failure? And if a failure happen them, they should at once take the blame to themselves, and hasten to make amends.

Having thus alluded to what may be termed *mal practice*, we will sketch very briefly the course we would recommend. When a plantation of dwarf trees has been determined upon, whether of 10 or 1000, the following considerations should be carefully considered, and all the information in regard to them be obtained from the most reliable sources:

First, *The Soil*. Is it of a suitable character for the purpose? Is it too wet, or too dry? Does it require draining, subsoil plowing, or trenching and manuring? It should always be understood that dwarf trees require a soil of the best quality; and that, too, kept in the best condition. The roots do not extend like the roots of standard trees, and must obtain a liberal supply of food from a small compass. When the soil is right in regard to dryness, depth, and richness, the next consideration should be—

*The Trees*. These should be on stocks most suitable for dwarfing the species; they should be healthy, vigorous, and of such growth as to be easily moulded into the form in which they are to be grown. The matter of stocks is one of the most important, and should be considered as though the entire success of the undertaking depended upon it.—There is yet, even among experienced growers of trees, a very great want of knowledge on the subject. Most people act with a degree of impatience that in many cases proves fatal to their success. They must have large trees—bearing trees. Tree dealers as a general thing, say: 'Our customers want large trees, above all.' No man who proceeds upon this principle, can make a fruit garden or orchard that will be either successful or satisfactory. What is it to wait a year, or two years even, compared to having beautiful instead of unsightly trees? We know a gentleman who is at this moment rooting up a plantation made on the principle of the 'larger the better,' to make room for young well shaped trees. Taste and experience will lead to this in time.

Next comes the question of *Varieties*. Here instead of making out a list of the best without regard to circumstances, such should be

chosen, and such only, as have been proved to succeed well on the stocks used for dwarfing, and are of such habits of growth as will make their training a thing practicable. In order to secure these objects, it may be necessary to dispense with favorite and first rate sorts: for it is far better to succeed *well* with a good or second rate sort, than to fail with one a degree better. Neither should a large number of varieties be made a special object; for that and entire satisfaction otherwise can rarely be obtained.

Next comes the arrangement and the planting, involving many practical details to which we cannot now refer particularly.

And when all this is done, there is the *After Culture*; for trees can take care of themselves no more than domestic animals, and more especially when it is desired to maintain and enjoy a high state of artificial culture. An annual pruning, and pruning and pinching at intervals, are necessary; the nature and objects of which must be studied until well understood. Then there is manuring, which must be done in such a way as to meet the wants of the tree, keeping in view the nature of the soil; for the same quantity or kind of manure will not be applicable in all cases.

We will close by recommending to all who are cultivating dwarf fruit trees, to mulch them with half decomposed stable manure from three to six inches deep, on the commencement of winter. This excludes the frost from the roots near the surface, and the snow and rains dissolve it, and send down its best soluble parts to be taken up by the roots the following spring. This supplies the exhaustion of the previous year, and the trees are sustained in a uniform vigor. Thus mulching accomplishes a two-fold object, and may with great advantage be applied to other than dwarf fruit trees.

### Agricultural Improvements.

Never since the commencement of our editorial labors have we felt so much enthusiasm as during the past season. The days of empiricism seem to be passing away, and farmers now understand that a knowledge of the components of their soil, and of the crops they intend to raise, is necessary to ensure an economical and profitable production. But few intelligent farmers repudiate the use of books; they no longer believe that a fact is less a fact because it is printed. Deep plowing, sub-soil plowing under-draining, and the improved methods of planting special crops subject to weeds, with others, which may protect them, from such weedy growth, from their sudden germination, and consequent shading of the crop to be protected, are all passing into general use.

Farmers now know that an oat and a carrot crop may be raised from the same piece of ground, and in the same season with less labor of weeding than if raised on two separate fields. An intelligent farmer can scarcely be found, who does not know that his soil may be deepened by gradually increasing the depth to which he plows. All who have tried it are aware, and those who have not are more ready to believe, that deeply subsoiled lands never suffer from drought. The fact that a proper rotation of crops is the true rest of the soil, and that consequently fallows are unnecessary, is no longer doubted by those who are entitled to the name of practical farmers. Practical men (and by such, we do not mean mere farm laborers who have no knowledge beyond that necessary to enable them to handle a farm tool,) know that if soil be properly prepared, that grain crops never lodge from weak straw—that is, like every other fact in agriculture, is subject to remedy. Practical men no longer find it necessary to move, because their lands have ceased to be good wheat lands. If such lands refuse that, or any other crop, they know how to ascertain the remedy required, and how to apply it. The true value of farm-yard manures is becoming better understood, and those who understand the subject best will not apply them alone, to soils requiring such amendments as are not to be found in barn-yard manures in notable or sufficient quantity. If the soil is short of any one of the constituents of barn-yard manure, and replete with the other eleven constituents, that one constituent is now added, not by the addition of barn yard manure, and consequent waste of eleven-twelfths of its value, but by directly offering to the soil the missing ingredient. Thousands of acres that have been considered as unwheat worthy, have been prepared and planted with that crop during the last year, and with results entirely satisfactory to the operators. If the letters we have received from farmers this year should be compared with those we received five years ago, they would be found to give evidence of more study, more correct knowledge, and a greater degree of self reliance.

The more intelligent class of agriculturists refuse to entertain a recipe proposing effects desired, but without any attempt to explain the cause of action. Indeed agriculture is no longer an art alone, but is fairly entitled to the name of a science; free from mystery and easily to be understood. In those districts where we first labored as a Lecturer, we now have friends by the score; men who have been induced to study agriculture as they would any other science, and who repudiate empiricism as they would quackery.

Cattle breeders view cattle as organisms, the composition of which must be studied, and the requirements of which must be furnished to

them in such relative proportions to each other as to produce the best and most profitable results. Farmers know that an animal cannot become strong and fine boned, if fed on crops raised from soils deficient of the very mineral substances which go to form bones, and they, therefore add such constituents to the soil as will supply this desideratum. Working and fattening cattle are no longer considered as entitled to the same class of food, but each receives that which will go to form the desired result. The milch cow, too, is fed with a strict view to the production of milk; and those materials of which milk is composed, are resident in the food selected to produce it. In fine, farmers are rapidly learning that, like mechanics, they must possess on their farms the raw materials from which the manufactured articles are to be created.—*Working Farmer.*

#### PRODUCTIVENESS OF STRAWBERRIES.—

We sometimes startle those not well versed in strawberry culture, by assuring them that, excepting picking, a bushel of strawberries may be more cheaply raised than a bushel of potatoes—on a large scale, with a good soil and with horse cultivation. Without arguing the point here, we wish merely to quote a statement from Hovey's Magazine, of the amount raised on a small piece of ground by William Gore, of Frankfort, Me. The piece of ground was eleven feet by forty-three, and the product was three and a quarter bushels, being 300 bushels, or 3600 quarters per acre. The bed was six years old, and the variety Hovey's Seedling, a sort not usually regarded as so productive as some others. One hundred and fifty bushels per acre is not an unusual crop, with fair cultivation; and we can perceive no difficulty in doubling the amount by the best treatment. Twenty-five cents per bushel before picking, would more than repay all expenses, with economical management.

**TO THAW OUT A PUMP.**—Take a half-inch lead pipe, put a funnel in one end and set the other on the ice in the pump. Now pour your boiling water in the funnel, and the pipe will settle rapidly down through the ice. Now having drilled a hole through the mass, hot water will soon enlarge it so that your pump-rod will move and raise the water from below which will melt away the obstruction.

**FOR YOUNG CATTLE AND HORSES.**—Mix occasionally one part of salt with four parts of wood ashes, and give the mixture to different kinds of stock, summer and winter. It promotes their appetites and tends to keep them in a healthy condition. It is said to be good against bots in horses, murrain in cattle, and rot in sheep.

### The Texas Tarantula.

BY AUGUSTIN.

This Texas of ours is an astonishing prolific country. Every field stands luxuriant, crowded, so that it can scarce wave under the breeze, with corn or sugar, or wheat or cotton. Every cabin is full and overflowing, through all its doors and windows, with white haired children. Every prairie abounds in deer, prairie-hens and cattle. Every river and creek is alive with fish. The whole land is electric with lizards perpetually darting about among the grass like flashes of green lightning. We have too much prairie and too little forest for a great multitude or variety of birds. But in horned frogs, scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes, we beat the universe. Every body has seen horned-frogs. You see them in jars in the windows of apothecaries. You are entreated to purchase them by loafing boys on the levee at New Orleans. They have been neatly soldered up in soda boxes, and mailed by young gentlemen in Texas, to fair ones in the old states. The fair ones receive the neat package from the post-office, are delighted at the prospect of a daguerreotype—perhaps jewelry—open the package eagerly, and faint, as the frog within hops out, in excellent health upon them. A horned-frog is, simply a very harmless frog, with very portentous horns. It has horns because *everything* in its region—trees, shrubs, grass even, has thorns, and nature makes it in keeping with all around it. A menagerie of them would not be expensive. They are content to live upon air—and can, if desired, live, I am told, for several months, even without that.

The scorpions are precisely like those of Arabia—in the shape of a lobster exactly, only not more than three inches long. You are very apt to put one upon your face in the towel you apply thereto after washing. If you do, you will find the sting about equal to that of a wasp—nothing worse. They are far less poisonous than the scorpion of the east—in fact none except new comers dread them at all.

But the tarantula! You remember the astonishing elasticity with which you sprang in the air that time you were just on the point of putting your raised foot down upon a snake coiled in your path. You were frightened—through every fibre of your body. Very probable the snake was as harmless as it was beautiful. Spring as high, be as utterly frightened as possible, when you just avoid stepping on a tarantula, however. Filthy, loathsome, abominable and poisonous—crush it to atoms before you leave it! If you have never seen it—know henceforth that it is an enormous spider—concentrating all the venom and spite and ugliness of all other spiders living. Its body is some two inches long, black

and bloated. It enjoys the possession of eight long, strong legs, a red mouth, and an abundance of stiff, brown hair all over itself. When standing, covers an acre of a saucer. Attack it with a stick, and it rears on its hind legs, gnashes at the stick, and fights like a fiend. It even jumps forward a foot or two in its rage—and if it bite into a vein, the bite is death! I have been told of the battle fought by one on board a steambat. Discovered at the lower end of the saloon, it came hopping up the saloon, driving the whole body of passengers before it, it almost drove the whole company, crew and all overboard.

The first I saw was at the house of a friend. I spied it crawling slowly over the wall, meditating murder upon the children playing in the room. Excessively prudent in regard to my fingers, I at last, however, had it imprisoned in a glass jar, unhurt.—There was a flaw in the glass jar, as well as a hole in the cork by which it could breathe; but in ten minutes it was dead from rage! Soon after, I killed three upon my place, crawling upon ground trodden every day by the bare feet of my little boy. A month after, I killed a whole nest of them. They had formed their family circle under a door step, upon which the aforesaid little fellow played daily. Had he seen one of them, he would of course, have picked it up as a promising toy; and I would have been childless.

I was sitting one day upon a log in the woods, when I saw one slowly crawl out to enjoy the evening air and the sunset scenery. He was the largest, most bloated one I ever saw. As I was about to kill him, I was struck with the conduct of a chance wasp. It to, had seen the tarantula, and was flying slowly around it. The tarantula recognized it as a foe; and throwing itself upon its hind legs, breathed defiance. For some time the wasp flew round it, and then, like a flash, flew right against it, and stung it under its bloated belly. The tarantula gnashed its red and venomous jaws, and threw its long and hairy legs about in impotent rage, while the wasp flew round and round it, watching for another opportunity. Again and again did it dash its sting into the reptile, and escape. After the sixth stab, the tarantula actually fell over on its back, dead; and the wasp, after making itself sure of the fact, and inflicting a last sting to make matters sure, flew off, happy in having done a duty assigned it in creation.

But, deadliest and most abhorrent of all our reptiles in Texas, is the centipede. This is a kind of worm, from three to six inches long, exactly like an enormous caterpillar. It is green, or brown, or yellow, some being found of each of these colors. As its name denotes, it has along each side a row of feet; horny claws rather. Imagine that you walk some



might across your chamber floor with naked feet; you put your foot down on a soft something, and instantly it coils around your foot in a ring, sticking every claw up to the body in your foot. The poison flows through each claw, and in two minutes you will have fainted with agony, in a few more and you will be dead. The deadly thing cannot be torn away. It has to be cut off, and claw by claw pulled out. Even if it crawls over the naked body of a sleeping person, without sticking in its claws, the place will pain the person for years after—at least so I have been told.

I have seen these things—in which nature corks up her deadly poisons, often: yet I have heard of few cases in which they have bitten or killed any one. The kind Being who makes the butterflies to be abundant, in the same loving kindness which makes them so beautiful and so abundant, makes all deadly things to be scarce.

SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE.—Look at that wide valley with its snow clad summits at a distance on either hand, and its glassy river flowing eribbed and confined in the lowest bottom. Smiling fields and well-trimmed hedge rows, and sheltering plantations and comfortable dwellings, and a busy population, and abundant cattle cover its undulating slopes. For miles industrious plenty spreads over a country which the river formerly usurped, and the lake covered, and the rush tufted over, and the bog and mossy heath and perennial fogs and drizzling rain rendered inhospitable and chilly. But mechanics have chained the river and drained the lakes and bogs and clayey bottoms, and thus giving scope to the application of all the varied practical rules to which science has led, the natural climate has been subdued, disease extirpated, and rich and fertile and happy homes scattered over the ancient waste.

Turn to another country, and a river flows deeply through an arid and desolate plain. Mechanics lift its waters from their depths, and from a thousand artificial channels direct them over the parched surface. It is as if an enchanter's had been stretched over it—the green herbage and the waving corn, accompanied by all the industries of rural life, spring up as they advance. Another country, and a green oasis presents itself, busy with life, in the midst of a desert and a sandy plain. Do natural springs here gush up, as in the ancient oasis of the Libian wilderness? It is another of the triumphs of human industry, guided by human thought. Geology and her sister sciences are here the pioneers of rural life and fixed habitations. The seat of hidden waters at vast depths were discovered by her.

Under her directions, mechanics have bored to their sources, and their gushing abundance now spreads fertility around. Such are

the more sensible and larger triumphs of progressing rural economy—such a man may well of—not only in themselves, but in their consequences; and they may take their place with the gigantic vessels of war, as magnificent results of intellectual effort.

MANUFACTURED MILK.—Since the railroads diverging in all directions from our city have been in operation, so much milk has been brought to the various depots that almost all New York has come to think that all is 'pure milk' that bears the name. Now let us see what vile mixtures may be concocted to deceive the eye. We will say nothing of the diseased state of the animals who live short lives in long stables in town, and are milked as long as they have strength to stand up. This story has already been repeated often enough; but here is the way in which still-fed cows are made to produce Orange county milk. A writer in the Evening Post, who has studied the subject, gives the following account of the method of manufacture pursued by the milk dealers in transforming blue, sickly looking milk into richest Orange county material. Hear him:

'To every quart of milk about a pint of water is added, and then a due allowance of chalk or plaster of Paris, which takes away the blueish appearance given to it by the water. Magnesia generally forms a component part, and flour, starch, and occasionally an egg are mixed up with it to give it consistence. After all these ingredients are employed, a certain quantity of molasses is added, to produce that rich, yellow, color which good milk generally possesses.'

The method of detecting this spurious article in the milk line is thus described by the writer in the Post:

'By allowing it to lie over until it is decomposed, the chalk, magnesia, molasses and all can be discovered. If any eggs have been used in its manufacture, yellowish slime will be found floating upon the top, but it is very seldom that a milkman is found guilty of this expense. The liquid is all water, of a bluish white appearance, and in the solid mass which lies at the bottom the chalk and magnesia may easily be perceived.'

TO BOIL FRESH PORK.—Take a fat blade-bone of country pork, commonly called the oyster, take out the bone and put veal stuffing in its place, wrap it in a clean cloth, and put it into a saucepan of boiling water with a little salt; let it boil slowly for about an hour and a half, or an hour and three quarters, according to the size; it should, however, be well done. Serve it up with parsley and butter poured over it plentifully. This is a most rich, and at the same time a most delicate dish, equal to boiled fowl and pickled pork, which, indeed, it greatly resembles.

### The Horse—Want of Appetite.

This sometimes arises from over exertion, or immoderate work, which produces general debility, and of course the whole functions are more or less disturbed, and taken on the morbid action. At other times, it is brought on by overloading the stomach and bowels; by standing in the stable without exercise, and eating immoderately of hay. Want of appetite may depend on a natural delicacy of the stomach, or on the bad quality of the food.

Bad hay is often eaten with little or no appetite, especially when it has been musty.

When the appetite fails, though the food is good, and the horse has only moderate work, the diet should be changed; a small quantity of straw, cut up with what is called cut feed, would be serviceable; but if the horse has been worked hard, rest, probably, is the remedy necessary. Young horses sometimes refuse the hay or mangle it, from soreness in the mouth in consequence of changing their teeth. This is sometimes attributed to lampas, and the knife or firing iron is resorted to; this is a barbarous and cruel practice, and should never be permitted. When a young horse is changing his teeth, the whole mouth is red and tender, which makes him fearful of eating hay or unground corn, from the pain it gives him. In such cases, the horse should be kept on scalded shorts, or cut feed, until the soreness of the mouth is removed. In old horses, when the lampas are down to a level with the front nippers, the part should be washed with a strong solution of burnt alum; or make a solution of powdered bloodroot, and wash the part night and morning. All serious internal disorders are attended with loss of appetite. Weakness of appetite is often constitutional, and cannot be cured; yet it may be palliated; when such a horse is wanted only for moderate work, his appetite may be greatly improved by careful feeding, and grooming and a well ventilated stable. The food must be of the best quality and the water pure and not too cold or hard; he should have but little food at a time, but more frequently. He should never have more, but rather less food put before him at a time than he is inclined to eat; and if at any time he is found to leave food in the manger, it should be taken out, and, after keeping him without food for a short time, some fresh hay, oats, or shorts may be given. The rack, manger, and every part of the stall should be kept clean; and when taken out for exercise or work should be well swept out, the old litter spread out to dry and that part unfit for use taken away. At night, some clean fresh straw should be placed under him. A change of food is often useful, especially when green food or carrots can be obtained. It is the custom in many stables to

collect the bedding, after it has been saturated with the excrement and urine, and place it under the manger, thus submitting the horse to the noxious vapors that arise from the filthy mass. Is it to be wondered at, that the poor animal should drag out such a miserable existence?—*Ex.*

### Singular Case of Instinct in the Horse.

We do not remember ever to have heard of a more remarkable exhibition of equine intelligence than was communicated to us a few days since, by Mr. Allen of this place. The circumstances as they were narrated to us are as follows:

Mr. A. has had, for a considerable time, a span of sprightly little horses, that he has never separated. In the stable, in the field and in harness, they have always been together. This has caused a strong attachment to grow up between them.

A few days ago, he went with them out to lake Minnetonka, on a fishing excursion. Taking them out of the carriage, he led them down to the lake, and tied them, with stout ropes, several rods apart, on a strip of grass that grew upon the shore, and left them to feed. Returning to the shantee, he threw himself upon the floor to await the return of the party who had repaired to the lake to fish.

Not much time had elapsed before the sound of an approaching horse's feet attracted his attention, and a moment after one of his span appeared at the door. The animal put his head through the door, and giving one neigh turned and at a slow gallop, yet under evident excitement, returned to the spot where but a few minutes before he and his companion had been left seemingly safely fastened. Surprised to find the horse loose, and struck with his singular conduct, Mr. A. immediately followed, and found the other horse lying in the water, entangled in the rope and struggling to keep his head from being submerged. While Mr. A. proceeded to disengage the unfortunate horse his noble benefactor stood by, manifesting the utmost solicitude and sympathy; and when his mate was extricated from his perilous situation and again upon his feet on terra firma, the generous creature exhibited the most unquestionable signs of satisfaction and joy.

That this intelligent animal should have noticed the misfortune of his mate—that he should know where to apply for rescue, and in his efforts should sunder a 3-4 inch rope—and, finally, that he should exhibit so high an appreciation of the event, are circumstances to astonish us, and commend themselves to the thoughtful consideration of those who would limit the power of reasoning to the 'genus homo.'—*St. Anthony Express.*

### Preserving Shingles on Roofs.

There is much for us to learn as to the best mode of covering our houses. The following is one of the best modes practiced to some extent, and has proved, we believe quite satisfactory. We copy from the Spindle City:

A gentleman in Groton gave the other day the manner in which he prepared his shingles, before laying them on his house, some six years ago; and on examining we found they had a perfectly sound and fresh appearance, as though they had been laid not more than a month.

He had a large boiler which he filled with whitewash, mixing with it about one pound of potash to four gallons of liquid, also about the same amount of salt. This composition he boiled, and while it was boiling, he dipped the shingles in, taking a handful at a time, and holding them by the tips. He had boards placed so that he could set his shingles on them on end, and let the liquid as it ran off, run back again into the boiler. The shingles he allowed to dry in this position, before laying them; and his belief was, that by curing or hardening them, they would last much longer. They could be colored red or yellow, easily, by mixing red or yellow ochre with the composition.

The expenses of shingles are considerable, and something like the above is worthy of attention.

**DRY CELLARS—CEMENT FLOORS.**—Cellars that are subject to being flooded with water, more or less, can be made perfectly tight and dry by the use of cement, or water lime, as it is called in many places; but this work must be done in the most thorough manner, or your time and money are thrown away. In the first place remove every piece of wood-work from the sides of the walls to the height that water is liable to run in, and raise all the posts upon stones as high as the floor is desired to be, and even take out your out-door frame and stairs, leaving the whole as when the walls were first laid. You then want enough cobble stones of the size of a hen's egg up to two pounds in weight, as will cover the surface of your cellar. You then will require about one barrel of cement to every 100 hundred square feet of ground surface, which is to be mixed with three times its bulk of good sand, and the stones are to be laid in the mortar, in the most careful manner; first spreading a small surface of a few feet with mortar, and then placing the stones therein, well hammered up, taking care that all the spaces between the stones are well filled. When this is done, you cover the whole with a smooth coat of fine mortar, and it will be impossible for any water to come in through the bottom. The sides of

your cellar must have a coat as high as the water passes through, and the outside passage must be protected from frost by a double door in the usual way.

**PLOWING IN CLOVER FOR WHEAT.**—A writer in the last Farm Journal, in Millin county, who signs with the initials J. W., offers the following as to his experience of the value of plowing in Clover for Wheat. It is worthy the attention of the general farmer.

In the summer of 1849, I had a small field of 4 1-2 acres in clover, which I pastured a while, and then let the clover grow until it was fit to cut for seed. With a large plow and three strong horses, I plowed it, then harrowed it effectually, and let it lie until the 28th of September, when I seeded it. In the harvest of 1850, I cut 155 dozen of wheat, which yielded 165 bushels or 33 1-2 bushels per acre. It did not require to be seeded with clover the next season. I plowed it down last season again, and the wheat now looks fine, although a part was winter-killed. It is proper to state that the crop of wheat that was on it before the clover was plowed down, did not exceed ten bushels per acre.

If a teaspoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy another barrel with? Answer may be hounded in over the fence.

**POULTRY REMEDY.**—About six weeks ago, one of my hens became ill and lost the use of its legs. I was told over-laying was the cause of the malady, and was recommended to give her a few pepper corns, and a little bread soaked in ale, which was forced down her throat. In a few hours the bird was walking the yard; however, in a couple of days she had a relapse, when the same dose was administered, and she was separated from her companions for forty-eight hours, when she quite recovered, and has had no return of the complaint, and full number of eggs per week. This may be a useful hint to amateurs, as I was informed by a poultry-fancier of some experience that my hen would die.

**TO MAKE SOURKROUT.**—Select good, solid heads of the cabbage and cut them into shreds, (a knife made for the purpose set in a board saves much labor,) put the cabbage into a clean, tight barrel, in layers 6 and eight inches in depth, and pound each layer till the juice is quite visible as the pounder is raised, adding a couple of handfuls of salt to each layer—or at the rate of two quarts of salt to a barrel of kroust. In this way proceed till the barrel is full, or contains as much as is desired, taking care that it is pounded so as to fill all the interstices with the juice, then make a cover just

to fit in side the barrel, and put a heavy stone, say fifty pounds weight on this cover to keep it pressed down and exclude the air. Let it stand in a cool place till the fermentation is over, then it is fit for use.

**FARMING.**—Some people think that farming is an employment of which all men possesses a knowledge—that it is natural for a man to become an agriculturist without having any previous knowledge of farming, as it is natural for a river to flow down stream. But in this they are greatly mistaken. Agriculture is a science, and a thorough knowledge of all its branches is indispensable to him who would follow it successfully. The farmer must not only know how to treat the soil and its productions, but he must also have some knowledge of the manner of raising stock. To this end, he must be acquainted with the diseases to which they are subject, and which often defy the skill of the most experienced man.

The farmer must be a man of enterprise, industry and economy, too, if he expects to make anything more than a bare living. He must be up in the morning with the lark, and ever keeping a steady eye upon his business, and not depend upon Tom, Dick and Harry to do his work for him.

From the Boston Cultivator.

### The Disease called Hollow-Horn.

Messrs. Editors:—Hearing the statement of Mr. Blount in relation to a disease among his cattle called the horn-distemper, or hollow-horn, and a request for the best remedy, and more recently in the Cultivator of July 24th a communication from G. W. N., with his remedy, and knowing that G. W. N. as also Mr. Blount are in the dark on the subject, I tho't I would offer my mite and thereby contribute relief to the suffering animal, and a benefit to the owners, so far as dollars and cents are concerned. But in order that we may make good and effectual applications either externally or internally, we must first become acquainted with the nature and location of the disease for which we administer. But how is it, in relation to the so called hollow-horn, its location, and the thousand and one prescriptions for its cure? One says, it has its location in the horns, another in the head, another, in the pith of the back, and a fourth, in the tail! Now there must be some mistake in these conflicting opinions as to its location, and I truly believe and know it, that they are all mistaken, for the disease is not located in any of the above named parts, any farther than that the head sympathises with the part affected, as in case of the liver complaint, the head is also sick. And to increase the suffer-

ing of the poor animal, you have but to bore the horns, and inject vinegar, pepper and salt, and pour on the head spirits of turpentine and the like, and the work of suffering is complete after a little mutilating of the poor beast, by cutting off the tail, slitting the ears, and in many instances I have seen a pair of beautiful horns sawn off, with additional cruelties inflicted.

Now, for its location, nature, and remedy, I would say, the disease is nothing more or less than inflammation of the liver and the overflow of the gall; therefore, no external application can possibly be of any benefit to the creature, but rather aggravate the complaint by increasing the fever in the part to which you may make the application; and especially so, when you bore the horns and inject and rub in such inflammable substances. And for the cure, and one that is effectual, as I have never known it fail in hundreds of cases, and in an experience of thirty years:

Take one peck of hen's dung, put it into a five-pail kettle, fill the kettle with water, boil until you can squeeze out but two quarts of the juice, with which drench the beast one quart at a time, allowing twenty-four hours between each dose, and the work is done and the animal cured.

A FARMER.

### GUANO—WHERE GATHERED.

Having anchored between the north and the middle islands at the latter of which we are to load, we will borrow the boat and have a closer look at the old muck heap. Pulling around the island to the landing place, we step ashore on a narrow strip of sandy beach which appears to be cleared from the surrounding rocks for our special convenience. Our approach disturbs thousands of the web-footed natives, these thousands count with the old hands as nothing, for they tell us that the shipping has driven all the birds away. Sailing above us is a flock of pelicans, hovering over the clear water like hawks, which they resemble in their manner of darting down or stooping on their prey. One of these every instant drops from the flock as though a ball had whistled through his brain, but, after a plunge he is seen rising to the surface with a fish struggling in his capacious pouch.

Nearer to us, whirling round our heads, are gannets, mews, mutton-birds, divers, gulls, guano birds, and a host of others whose names are unknown to the vulgar. On the detached rocks and the lower end of the islands—members of a pretty numerous convocation—stands the penguin, the parson bird of the sailor, whose good home is fairly earned by his cut away black coat, white tie and solemn demeanor. His short legs planted far back, and his



long body do not fit him for a walk ashore, but he will sit for hours on a little rock just washed by the waves, apparently absorbed in such deep absence of mind, that passers by are tempted to approach in hope of catching him. Just as the boat nears, and a hand is already to grasp his neck, away he goes head over heels in a most irreverent and ridiculous manner, dives under the boat, and shows his head about a quarter of a mile out at sea, where the sailors may catch him who can, for he is the fastest swimmer and the best diver that ever dipped.

Stepping over the mortal remains of several sea-lions, in a few strides we are on the guano, and at the next step in up to our knees. The guano is regularly stratified, the lower strata is solidified by the weight of the upper, and have acquired a dark red color, which becomes gradually lighter toward the surface. On the surface it has a whitey brown light crust, containing eggs, being completely honey combed by the birds, which scratch deep oblique holes in it to serve as nests, wherein eggs, seldom more than two to each nest, are deposited.

These holes often running into each other, form long galleries, with several entrances, and this mining system is so elaborately carried out that you can scarcely put a foot on any part of the island without sinking to the knees and being tickled with the sense of a hard beak digging into your unprotected ankles. The egg shells and the bones remains of fish brought by the old birds for their young, must form a considerable part of the substance of the guano, which is thus in a great measure deposited beneath the surface, and then thrown out by the birds.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

### Poverty and Procrastination.

Cold weather is coming in good earnest. Sheep huddle together in some corner; cattle seek protection from the wind by standing close to the side of the barn; poultry are standing on one leg under the shelter of some equally defenceless cart; pigs gather about the kitchen door in sullen silence. I am too poor to provide conveniences for my stock, exclaims the sluggish farmer, they must wait another year.

It is a chilling autumn night. The hollow wind sighs mournfully as it sweeps the bare branches of the trees, and pierces with a shrill whistle the crevices of the sluggard's home, making him draw nearer to the half smothered fire, which flickers on the hearth. I am too poor to repair my house and prepare dry wood, sighs the shivering man; I will try to do it another year.

The wood-shed has yielded up its last stick

of decayed fuel, and the yard has been gleaned of its last basket of chips, belonging properly to the manure heap. The farmer has yoked his unwilling cattle, and is about to repair to his wood-let for a load of dry limbs and fallen trees, but meets with an unexpected hindrance to his benevolent intentions. The sled which experienced much hard usage the preceding season, and has been watered by all the summer's rain and chilled by the autumn frosts snaps its tongue with the first pull of the cattle—'Hang my luck,' ejaculated the ill-starred man. 'Was ever one so unfortunate,' echoes the wife as she thinks of the smouldering fire and the half-cooked dinner that is to be. The vexed sufferer solaces himself, however, with the idea that poverty is the basis of his misfortunes, and that when he shall have grown rich in spite of such ruinous losses, he shall put everything to rights.

Thanksgiving, with its good cheer has passed, and the district school is to commence on Monday. The children have been living in the prospective for some days, and not a few plans for fun or perhaps improvement, have been matured. The farmer's son, a thoughtful bright-eyed boy, who has driven the cows to pasture the live-long summer, presided over the luncheon and jug of drink, picked up the potatoes, and been the man of all work, asks of his father a favor, which he thinks is richly deserved—two new books for the winter's school. He tells his father how the other boys of his class are to have them; how he shall fall behind them without this assistance—how he will study and work harder next summer if he can have them, and that they will only cost one dollar. But his imporing looks and earnest language avail nothing with the father. He says not an encouraging word, but simply mutters—'I didn't have books—I am too poor to buy them; you must wait another year.'

An agent for an Agricultural Journal, seeing the forlorn appearance of the premises, and thinking ignorance must have caused such bad management, presents his paper, asks for his name and four shillings. 'O! it's no use,' exclaims the farmer—'I don't believe in book farming; I am too poor, you must wait another year.'

So year after year the poverty-stricken and procrastinating farmer drags on, lamenting the fortune which his own negligence renders inevitable, making his family equally miserable with himself, by denying them the means of improvement—too ignorant and too poor to grow wiser or richer. Almost as easily may the leopard change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin, as the man be induced to change his course of life, and we have reason to believe that this unfortunate man will to his dying day, consider himself the victim of untoward cir-

circumstances, the son of misfortune, and the sport of destiny, instead of seeing in his own imprudence the cause of his bad luck.

### Premature Old Age.

Lewis F. Allen, of Buffalo, has written a very interesting book on rural architecture. He comes out with great force against the prevalent fashion of *keeping the fresh air out of our dwellings*. As a consequence of the present way of living on as small as possible an amount of air, there is about one healthy woman to every five hundred, and as a result, their temper is broken down under the afflictions of life; they become prematurely old, and at 25 or 30 they are really older than an English woman at 40. Boys get along better, because they *will play* in the open air. Even anxious mothers cannot prevent that.

**Ventilation of Houses.**—A man, be he farmer or of other profession, finding himself prosperous in life, sets about the very sensible business of building a house for his own accommodation. Looking back, perhaps, to the days of his boyhood, in a severe climate, he remembers the not very highly-finished tenement of his father; and the wide, open fire place which, with its wel-piled logs, was scarcely able to warm the large living-room, where the family were wont to huddle in winter. He possibly remembers, with shivering sympathy, the sprinkling of snow which he was accustomed to find upon his bed as he awaked in the morning, that had found its way thro' the frail casing of his chamber window—but in the midst of all which he grew up with a vigorous constitution, a strong arm, and a determined spirit. He is resolved that his children shall encounter no such hardships, and that himself and his excellent helpmate shall suffer no such inconvenience as his own parents had done, who now perhaps, are enjoying a strong and serene old age, in their old-fashioned, yet to them not uncomfortable tenement. He therefore determines to have a snug, close house, where the cold cannot penetrate. He employs all his ingenuity to make every joint an air-tight fit; the door must swing to an air-tight joint; the windows set into air-tight frames; and to perfect the catalogue of his comforts, an air-tight stove is introduced into every occupied room which, perchance, if he can afford it, are rather warmed and poisoned by the heated flues of an air tight furnace in his air-tight cellar. In short it is an air-tight concern throughout. His family breath an air-tight atmosphere; they eat their food cooked in an air-tight kitchen stove, of the latest 'premium pattern'; and thus they start, father, mother, children—all on the high road—if persisted in—to a galloping consumption, which sooner or later conducts them to an air-

tight, not soon to be changed. If such melancholy catastrophe be avoided, colds, catarrhs, head-aches, and all sorts of bodily affections shortly make their appearance, and they wonder what is the matter! They live so snug! their house is so warm! they sleep so comfortable! how can it be? True, in the morning the air of their sleeping rooms feels close, but then if a window is opened it will chill the rooms, and that will give them colds. What can be the matter? The poor creatures never dream that they have been breathing, for hour after hour, decomposed air, charged with poisonous gases, which cannot escape through the tight walls, or over the tight windows, or through the tight stoves; and thus they keep on the sure course to infirmity, disease and premature death—all for the want of a little ventilation!

**BRING IN THE APPLES.**—The apple may be called the 'staple fruit' of New England. It ranks among fruits as the potato among vegetables. A writer in the last number of the Knickerbocker says:—"The apple is the companion of the winter evenings, associated with a cheerful room, a bright fire, a pleasing tale, Scott's novels or the Arabian Nights. Perhaps it is nearly bedtime. Your eyes grow dim.—You are fatigued with study, with chess, with checkers, with books; you sigh, you yawn, you stretch your arms above your head. All of a sudden a thought strikes you. *Bring in the Apples!* It is like magic. The foot-lights go up and the scene brightens."

**AM EXTRA YIELD.**—We generally suppose that a thousand bushels of carrots to the acre is a good yield, more we think than the crop will average in this State. But here is an instance where almost double the amount was grown. Mr. Willard Carter, of Francistown, has a peice of ground measuring one-ninth of an acre, on which he has had carrots for three successive years. Last year and the year preceeding he had 200 bushels on this ground. This year owing to the drouth, the yield was a little short of that. After sowing the seed, the labor required in the care of the field was only four days work.—*Granite Farmer.*

**FIRE KINDLERS.**—Take a quart of tar, 3 lbs. of rosin, melt them, bring them to a cooling temperature, mix as much saw dust with a little charcoal added, as can be worked in; spread out while hot on a board; when cold, break up into lumps of the size of a large hickory nut; and you have at a small expense, kindling material enough for a household one year. They will easily ignite from a match, and burn with a strong blaze, long enough to start any wood that is fit to burn.—*Rochester Union.*

# The Valley Farmer.

EPHRAIM ABBOTT, Editor.

Editor's office and Printing office, in Old Post Office Building, north side of Chestnut street, between Third and Fourth streets, entrance on Old Post Office Alley.

ST. LOUIS, JANUARY, 1853.

## Removal.

The Editor's office and Printing office of the VALLEY FARMER is removed to the OLD POST OFFICE BUILDING, north side of Chestnut street, between Third and Fourth streets, entrance on Old Post Office Alley.

## Bound Volumes.

We have a few bound volumes of Vol. 2, for 1850, and also of Vol. 4., for 1852, for sale at our office. Volumes 1 and 3 are all gone. The price of Vol. 2 is one dollar, and of Vol. 4 one dollar and twenty-five cents; or both together and the Farmer for 1853 for three dollars.

**BILLS ENCLOSED.**—Many of those indebted to us for the Valley Farmer, will find enclosed in this number the accounts due by them respectively. Those accounts, though small individually amount in the aggregate to a large sum, of which we stand in pressing need. It is positively important that they should be paid, and as we cannot send our agent or go ourselves all over the country to collect them, we hope each one indebted will remit the amount due without delay by mail *at our risk*. While they are doing this act of justice, too, they can improve the opportunity to remit the amount of this year's subscription.

**PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN NUMBERS.**—Our prospectus, printed on a letter sheet, is now being distributed, and we will cheerfully send it to any person who wishes to form a club on his appraising us of the fact. We have also printed extra copies of the January number, of which we will send specimens to any persons who will be likely to take an interest in its circulation. Our friends will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their acquaintances as they suppose to be of this class, and the copy of the paper will be forwarded to them.

## Publications.

**THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.**—This is the title of a new weekly paper issued by Mr. Luther Tucker, of the Albany Cultivator. The publisher says in his prospectus, that having disposed of the Cultivator, he has determined to carry into effect a project he has had for some years in contemplation of establishing a Weekly Journal, to be devoted to the cause of Agriculture and Rural Arts generally. The regular publication will commence on the first Thursday in January, and in its scope will embrace The Farm, The Garden and the Orchard, The Fireside, Record of the Times, and the Produce Market.

It will be the aim of the publisher to make the paper attractive and elegant in its typography and illustrations, choice and select in its contents—to make it indispensable to the Farmer, and desirable to every one who has a rod of ground to cultivate, or a home to beautify—and by devoting its columns to IMPROVEMENT IN AGRICULTURE, ELEVATION IN CHARACTER, AND REFINEMENT IN TASTE, to render the paper the standard in its sphere.

**TERMS.**—The Country Gentleman will be printed in quarto form, each number consisting of sixteen pages, and forming an annual volume, suitable for binding, of 832 pages, at Two DOLLARS per year when paid in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid in advance.

The publication of the Cultivator will be continued as heretofore, except the price will be 50 cts.—to Clubs, 37 1-2.

**THE HORTICULTURALIST for 1853.**—In the Genesee Farmer for November, there appears a prospectus for the next volume of this sterling work to commence with January, when Mr. Vick, the present proprietor, will issue it from Rochester. The services of Mr. P. Barry have been secured as its editor, and we are promised several improvements in the appearance and embellishments of the work, while at the same time it is to be furnished at a reduced price except when the colored plates are called for, in which case the price will be \$4.00.

It were a work of supererogation to speak of Mr. Barry. As the great nurseryman, his name is familiar to all who plant trees, and as a writer to all the numerous readers of the Genesee Farmer, he is known as its active horticultural editor. His work on fruits is also a familiar object to pomological readers. So says Dr. Warder, and so say we.

**THE FARMER'S COMPANION AND HORTICULTURAL GAZETTE.**—We have received the first number

of this new paper from Detroit. It is edited by Charles Fox and Charles Betts, Linus Cole corresponding Editor, and J. C. Holmes in the Horticultural Department. It contains sixteen double octavo pages, and is published monthly at 50 cts. per annum. The first number is full of valuable matter, and we hope it may do great good to the farmers of the Penninsular State.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE N. Y. STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY: with an abstract of the proceedings of the County Agricultural Society, with B. P. Johnson's Report on the Industrial Exhibition, London, 1851.

We have been favored by Mr. Johnson, the attentive Secretary of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, with a splendid volume bearing this title, for which he has our thanks. We find in this volume many things which we have noted for future reference. In the annual address of Mr. Delafield, President of the Society, we find the following paragraphs which we insert in this number, because they so effectually answer the objection which is often made to what is termed *Book Farming*.

Here it may be pertinent to remark that many of us, too often, and without consideration, inveigh against theory in Agriculture; and some men inculcate or urge *practice* as alone sufficient, or as possessing superior claims to our attention. This is a mistaken view of the farmer's true position. It is erroneous as regards every class of men; it is a contracted view, which must prevent or delay all improvement wherever it is held and maintained. The hour is too short to present proofs of inimical tendencies of such views to our respective farms and occupations; and we must be content with the remark that theory is the very starting point of improvement—the conception of some new principle or action. PRACTICE is no more than a *repetition* of what has been done before, without reference to advance.

But though we often hear men claim to be altogether PRACTICAL, and seem to flout theory as a misty vapor, yet, where is the *practical man* so dull, so careless of his welfare, so reckless of his duty to his family and his country, *as not to be a THEORIST*? Permit me to take from this word an evil character, unjustly imposed,

to give to it its fair standing among us; that it may not be a stumbling block to those who desire to advance in improvement. Suppose, then, an agriculturist who, for ten years, has closely followed the beaten track of his father; suppose such a man blessed in full measure with a growing family, whose wants necessarily demand a larger outlay as years bring on the child towards adolescence; his farm gives its accustomed yield from his accustomed practice, but not now in a ratio with the demands of his increasing family; prudence or necessity demands a change; what change? It matters not; his mind is roused to do some act to increase his store; that act is by him an innovation; he has stepped beyond the old practice; he becomes, in fact, a *theorist*, and thus attempts one step toward improvement. If his idea or theory proves successful, he adopts it, and in time it becomes a habit or practice. Such then, is the origin of all practices or habits; and every farmer who conceives an idea for the improvement of his farm, becomes, so far, a theorist.

It is absurd, therefore, for us to cling to a notion of being merely practical men, as it would doom us, if it were possible, to be left behind in the improvement of our farms and the acquisition of a competence. It is contrary to the spirit and to the mind of the American people, a spirit somewhat peculiar—so much so as to need a new term in our language to express it. The man whose practice is derived from sound *principle*, who compares results, who refuses to be an imitator—such a man must ever combine theory and practice; he becomes, of necessity, expert and dexterous; he is intelligent, and is generally far, far more successful than the restrictive and merely practical man, who is sometimes, though rarely appealed to. This distinction of terms ought to be better and more extensively understood among us farmers; for in truth, every intelligent cultivator is, and must be theoretical and practical, and is, or ought to be thankful to his Creator for giving him power or capacity worthy of the position.

TO MANAGE A REARING HORSE.—In the British Sportsman, we find the following hint



respecting the management of a rearing horse, which strikes us as being worthy, as it is easy of trial;—

Whenever you perceive a horse's inclination to rear, separate your reins and prepare for him. The instant he is about to rise slacken one hand, and bend or twist his head with the other, keeping your hands low. This bending compels him to move a hind leg, and of necessity brings his fore feet down. Instantly twist him completely round two or three times, which will confuse him very much and completely throw him off his guard. The moment you have finished twisting him round, place his head in the direction you wish to proceed, apply the spurs, and he will not fail to go forward; if the situation be convenient, press him into a gallop, and apply the spurs and whip two or three times severely. The horse will not, perhaps, be quite satisfied with the first defeat, and may feel disposed to try again for the mastery. Should this be the case you have only to twist him, &c., as before, and you will find that in the second struggle he will be much more easily subdued than on the former occasion; in fact you will perceive him quail under the operation.

#### ST. LOUIS LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The Live Stock Market has not been over active thus far the present week, which may be attributed to the severity of the weather, yet many sales have been made, and sellers are well satisfied with the present rates, which continue to rule high.

**HOGS**—In large numbers have been received at the different packing houses the present week. The receipts from the opposite side of the river in wagons have been small, but rather increased from the receipts of last week. Although packers, shippers and butchers seem to be busily employed, yet there has not been as much animation manifested as the week preceding. Heavy Hogs are always in request. There is no change in rates which rule as high as last reported, from \$6 to \$6 25 per hundred.

**CATTLE**—Of all descriptions are in demand. The supply for some days has been inadequate to the requirements of the butchers for city consumption. Prime Cattle; as they arrive from the country, are generally forwarded South. The demand for the Southern trade increases, and is quite active. The New Orleans steamers take down all they can carry. No. 1 Beeves, which are so much in request by butchers command from \$6 25 to \$5 50; medium qualities from \$4 75 to \$5.

**SHEEP**—The quantity in the market to-day is quite moderate. Shippers and butchers find it a little difficult to procure enough for the present demand. There are but about 700 in the sheep depots to-day. Rates, as heretofore, range from \$1 75 to \$2 75.

**CALVES**—Are in considerable request for butchers' use. None of any consequence in market. Rates rule high for those well fattened and of good size.

**THE HOG MARKET**.—We were advised of no sales yesterday. The evening previous a lot of some 900 head, from Morgan county, sold at a price not made public. Packers still say they are willing to pay \$6 25 for No. 1 hogs, but we are led to believe that \$6 35 a \$6 40 could be obtained. There were near 1,000 head in the pens at Ashbrook's, yesterday, and from 1,800 to 2,000 are reported on the road. The whole number killed in this city to date is estimated at 33,000 to 35,000 head. From 8,000 to 10,000 head will yet arrive before the close of the season.—*Intelligencer*, 30th.

**PROVISIONS**.—These 'necessaries of life' have of late been constantly and steadily advancing in price in this market, and now rules at rates which, if predicted a year or two since would have astonished the natives. Butter at 20 cents per pound; Pork 7 cents; Lard 10 to 12 cents; Eggs 20 cents, are instances of what is done in that line about these days. Fine times for the farmers.—*Han. Messenger*.

**TOBACCO**.—We have heard of only one sale at prices which have transpired—a little crop of some five thousand pounds at \$1 25 per hundred. But buyers do not seem disposed to continue these figures. At the same time most of the factory hands have been hired at high prices, and we have at least one new firm in the trade—to increase the competition, and make Brunswick one of the best markets in the State.—*Brunswick*.

**PORK**.—Some very fine hogs are coming into this market—several lots, averaging from 230 to 244 pounds all around. There is more attention paid of late years among us to the improvement of the breeds, and as there is no danger for years of oversupplying the pork market of the West, we hope to see more of our farmers turning their industry and capital into pork raising.—*Brunswick*.

**PORK**.—Our packers are paying \$5 50 for good Pork. There will probably be an advance during the present week.

**WHEAT**.—Buyers are offering 70 cents per bushel for prime Wheat, and we think there is little probability of an advance soon.—*Pike Co., (Ill.) Free Press*.

**FINE STOCK**.—Since the organization of the Boone county agricultural and mechanical association, some of the finest stock that could be obtained in the Eastern States have been purchased by enterprising farmers, and brought to Boone county. We have heretofore noticed several importations, and take

pleasure in speaking of another recently made by Messrs. John Machir and Theodorick Jenkins, who have purchased the bull calf 'Gen. Wool.' This is said to be a noble animal of the Durham stock, and thorough bred. He is about ten months old, and took the premium at the late Lexington (Ky.) Fair. The 'Statesman' of last week in speaking of this animal remarks 'During General Wool's recent visit to Lexington he called upon his namesake, and declared that if any man in the army were to hold himself as proudly as the calf, he would pronounce him his premium soldier.'—*Missouri Sentinel*.

### Fall and Winter Management of Sheep.

Perhaps a few suggestions on the management of sheep at this season of the year, may not prove unacceptable to that portion of your readers who are young in the business of wool growing.

No greater blunder can be committed than to suffer sheep to shift for themselves, until into the winter, before they are brought to the yard or winter quarters. The grasses at the beginning of November lose much of their nutritious qualities, by repeated freezing; and, although the sheep seem puffed out and doing well, they are actually losing flesh every day. A pound of wool to each sheep per day, at this season, is more value to keep them in a thriving condition, than all the frost-bitten garbage your farm affords.

Many let their flocks get poor in the fall, and towards spring commence feeding grain. This is unwise. It is much better to feed grain in the early part of the winter, to afford stamina to pass the severities of our northern winters. Put your flock early in a condition to pass the ordeal of those terrible months, January and February, and subsequently all will be well.

**WATER.**—Your sheep need water in winter. If they are not provided with water, they are obliged to quench their thirst by filling the stomach with frozen snow. A large supply of saliva is needed in the process of rumination, which must be afforded mainly by water, or succulent food. The wool fluids cannot be abundant if the sheep are denied water. Consequently if supplied with this important beverage the sheep will yield a greater crop of wool. Remember that sheep belong to the cold water army.

**BOXES.**—Sheep should be fed from boxes. No animal is more nice in his habits, or more keen in its sense of smell than the sheep; consequently if their fodder is thrown upon the ground, they will run over and trample it, and then reject it.

The cost of boxes is slight, and the fodder

saved by them soon pays the expense. They may be described thus: Take four corner posts of scantling, 2 by 3, and at least two feet nine inches in length; place them two feet six inches apart,—nail on a bottom board twelve inches wide all around. Then, leaving a space nine inches wide, nail on a top board eight or nine inches wide all around. Shave off the edges of the boards, that they may not tear the wool, and they are done. A box twelve or fourteen feet long, will convene about twenty sheep. These boxes are moveable. It is considered by some to be an improvement to nail on, up and down, slats about nine inches apart, to keep the stronger sheep from crowding the weaker ones in the flock.

**SALT.**—Salt has highly valuable properties and is quite efficient in counteracting and preventing many of the diseases which effect domestic animals. In a full dose, it is a purgative inferior to few, and it is also a tonic. Its power, it is said, is exerted on the digestive organs—on the stomach and intestines. It is the grand stimulus which nature points out, for in moderate quantities, and mingled with the food, men and beasts are fond of it. Sheep should always have a box filled with salt, that they can go to winter and summer. Then they will eat no more at a time than their health demands; which is not the case when fed salt at intervals of a week or ten days apart. The box should be protected from their feet, and placed so that only one can go to it at a time.

**REGULARITY OF FEEDING.**—Sheep should be fed regularly three times per day:—in the morning, at noon, and about an hour before sunset. This gives them time for eating and rumination, also for rest. At a given hour, nature calls for her regular allowance of food, and the good and careful shepherd will see that her wants are supplied. The thrift and well being of the flock depends not so much upon the great amount given, as upon the regularity and other little attentions, the bestowment of which always gives the flock-master the greatest pleasure.

**GRAIN.**—Sheep should be fed once a day through the winter, peas, wheat and rye produce the greatest growth of wool. Rye, however, is not good to feed to breeding ewes, as it has a tendency to make them miscarry. Shorts or mill feed is excellent. The mucilaginous matter of the bran keeps the sheep in a healthful and thriving condition. Sheep are very fond of a variety, and hence, potatoes, apples, turnips, carrots and sugar beets, cut fine and given them, is well. Pine and hemlock boughs is a treat to them when they have been confined for several weeks to dry food.

**SHEDS.**—Sheds of some kind (they may be cheap and temporary,) are indispensable to the well being of a flock. Sheep that are protected from winter rains and sleet, instead of

falling victims to consumption and premature death, come through hale and hearty, and yield an increased amount of wool. The warmer and better protected any animals are kept, the less food it requires to sustain them. Sheds should be so arranged that sheep can be shut in, else they will frequently stand out in a warm rain of choice, and when their thick fleeces become thoroughly filled with water, and the weather shifts to a freezing north-west blast, they are frequently so chilled as to render them sickly. No animal pays better for care of this kind than sheep, and by all means, we say, to every flock-master in our land, provide suitable sheds for your sheep.

We do not claim anything strikingly new in the above thoughts. We hope to do good by directing the mind of the young wool grower to the old paths.—*Wool Grower and Stock Register.*

### The Census of 1850.

The Farm lands of the United States are set down in the census as amounting to 118,457,622 acres of improved and 184,621,348 of unimproved; total 303,078,970 acres, worth in the average \$10 per acre. The average value of the Farm Lands of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania is about \$30 per acre, (New Jersey highest, Pennsylvania lowest,) while Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont average about \$15 per acre. We are rather surprised to see the Farm Lands of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee valued in the average below \$5 per acre.

Of Domestic Animals, this country had an early supply and has always been prolific—and the number continues to increase steadily and rapidly. The increase of Horses, Mules and Asses from 1840 to 1850, was 559,053 although the number has considerably decreased in all the States liberally chequered with Railroads. New York has one horse to seven persons, Ohio one to four, and the whole Union about one to every five persons, or a little over four millions in all. Of Neat Cattle the number in 1850 was 18,355,287—an increase in ten years of about twenty per cent.

The average product of butter appears to be about 49 pounds per annum to each cow, with 62½ of cheese. We export annually a little over one million dollars worth of dairy products. Of sheep there was an increase of 2,309,108 between '40 and '50, notwithstanding a diminution of 646,855 in New England, and 1,761,460 in the Atlantic Middle States, equal to 45 per cent, in the former and 22½ in the latter. Sheep husbandry is tending rapidly westward and southward—to the milder slopes of the Alleghenies, and the prairies of Illinois, Missouri and Texas. New Mexico has six sheep to each person—an extraordinary proportion. Best of all the returns show that while in 1840 the average annual yield of wool was a little under two pounds per sheep, it was 1850 nearly two and a half pounds per sheep, it was in 1850 nearly two and a half pounds per sheep, so that 21,600,000 sheep produced in 1850 forty-six per cent. more wool than 19,311,374 sheep did in 1840. An increase of 12 per cent in the sheep had been paralleled by an increase of 46 per cent. in the wool. And in Vermont, where the greatest attention has been paid to sheep husbandry, the av-

erage yield per sheep is almost four pounds. Yet we import considerably of wool—mainly the cheapest and coarsest. In 1850, the import was 18,669,794 pounds, valued at \$1,681,691 or between eight and nine cents per pound. The imports of wool have largely increased during three or four years.

Of Tobacco, the aggregate returned in 1840 was 319,163,319 lbs., in 1850 it was 199,752,646 lbs.—a decrease of about ten per cent.

Of cotton, the production continues largely to increase. The product is now over 3,000,000 tons per annum.

Of Potatoes, the product would seem to have fallen off from 108,298,060 bushels in 1840 to 104,055,989 bushels in 1850, and we presume this is correct, the reason being the effects and fears of potato rot. This disease would now seem to be passing away, and the culture of the root consequently reviving.

Of Wine, the production is steadily increasing. Our importation amounts to six millions of gallons so that our home production must be not far from fourteen million gallons. Of this aggregate, it seems that only 221,249 gallons are acknowledged in the census—whence we infer that our manufacturers of Madeira, Champagne, Hock, &c., prefer not to let their light shine before men, but meekly put aside the credit of their enormous consumption of cider, turnips, logwood and other domestic and imported products.

Of Spirituous and Malu Liquors the annual product reaches the enormous aggregate of eighty six millions of gallons, (six gallons for each person old enough to drink)—our imports and exports just about balancing each other. The Hop culture (mainly confined to New York State) is extending.

Of Flax and Hemp the production did not materially vary from 1840 to 1850.

In our silk culture we produced in 1850 more than 896,310 pounds of cocoons; in 1840 552 pounds; in 1850 barely 14,763 pounds, yet it is demonstrable that we have every facility of climate, soil, unimpeded hands, &c., for this branch of industry, and that its vigorous prosecution would add largely to the national wealth.

Our sugar culture is extending. Our production (maple and cane together) in 1840 was 155,100,509 pounds; in 1850 it was 281,830,886 pounds, an increase (mainly in Louisiana Texas) of 126,730,077 pounds. The sugar culture has now obtained command of the most admirable and efficient machinery, and is steadily working further and further northward, through the gradual acclimation of the cane.

**THE POTATO TRADE.**—This article forms an important trade, and the yearly sales and shipments to New Orleans are immense.—Since the 1st of July, Mr. Henry Murry, of the firm of Donnelly, Bezzina & Co., New Orleans, has shipped 60,000 barrels of potatoes to the latter port, chiefly on steamboats, and partly on flat boats. In addition, he has forwarded 5,000 barrels of onions, a large quantity of other vegetables and the greater portion of the dried fruit that comes to this market.

The average price of potatoes, for shipment has been \$1.00 per barrel and the freight to N. Orleans about 50 cts. The total sales and shipments, in addition to the above, has been about 75,000 barrels, the net value of which, would in the aggregate amount to the round sum of \$112,500.—*Lou. Courier.*

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

Mrs. MARY ABBOTT.

## New Year.

We have now commenced a New Year, with renewed determination to make the FAMILY CIRCLE still more interesting. If our frail life is spared, we shall devote more time to our department this year than we have any year previous. We have formed the acquaintance of some sincere friends of the Valley Farmer, during the past season, and the manner in which they speak of the FAMILY CIRCLE has greatly encouraged us; and we have received some letters which have been the means of stimulating us to persevere with our department, and above all our own conscience telling us that we have endeavored to benefit our readers, urges us to exert ourself to keep up the FAMILY CIRCLE. We hope we shall be the means, in some degree of increasing in the minds of all our readers the love of every thing that is 'lovely and of good report.' Of encouraging feelings of patience and forbearance,—purity. Our department has interested the young, and encouraged and edified the older members of the family.

The family circle should be bound together by high and holy motives and bands of strongest love, and these motives and feelings are what we would strive to inculcate; and may every member of the family, as they wish each other a 'happy new year' do all in their power to make the wish come to pass.

There are great many trials and discouragements in this our pilgrimage, and each have their particular trials to endure. The father and husband has great burdens to bear—having the whole responsibility of providing for the family resting upon him, besides many other cares and anxieties; now, if he has a kind, sympathizing wife, one who understands his feelings, and is willing to do all in her power to lighten his cares by cheerfully sharing them with him, and helping with her own hands when possible, then his burden will not bear upon him with such a crushing weight.

The wife and mother has, if possible, a greater burden to bear;—being the weaker ves-

sel; having the physical suffering of bearing her children, then having the great responsibility resting upon her of training them up in the way they should go.' This is enough to crush any sensitive mother if she cannot look unto the 'hills from whence cometh her help.' God seems to say to every mother 'take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.' Besides all her maternal cares, which are many, and which none but a mother can realize, she has the whole weight of domestic affairs devolving upon her, and not a wheel can be turned properly without her directing hand to guide it. Then, if she has a kind, tender, and sympathizing husband, one who, by cheerful looks and pleasant smiles and approving words, shows that he is well pleased, then is she encouraged and her cares lightened. If, when sickness and suffering come, and maternal anxiety is great, the husband willingly watches and nurses: cheerfully taking the oversight of the family, thus showing his wife that he can sympathize with and tenderly feel for her, then all her burdens are turned into pleasant trials and duties of love. This is 'bearing one another's burdens.'

The younger ones have their peculiar trials, at school and at home, and many are the disappointments to their pleasant schemes, which to older heads might seem small, but to them they are great. Parents should not forget that they were once young, and should tenderly sympathize with their children, and not forget that *they* too, have their *trials* in this *trying* world. Children should consider the great burdens that parents have to bear for them, and lovingly perform all that is required of them with cheerful obedience. Brothers and sisters should live together in unity and love, helping each other on in the journey of life. In a well ordered and affectionate family are to be found the purest joys that earth can afford.

We wish all who read these lines a *happy New Year*, hoping that every 'family circle' may be a loving and happy family 'whose God is the Lord.'

Improve the New Years as they pass—  
To many this will be the last:  
For time no more shall be with them,  
Among the busy tribes of men.



The Valley Farmer we intend  
To be a blessing and a friend  
To every farmer's fire side  
Over all the Valley—far and wide.  
The Family Circle we design  
To raise and educate the mind  
To show the blessings God has given  
And thus to raise our thoughts to heaven.  
The beauties God has round us strown  
We ought in thankfulness to own  
The LOVE OF FLOWERS we commend  
To all our Valley Farmer friends.  
We want to see them bud and blow  
Round every house, both high and low  
The lessons which these beauties teach  
They will our inmost spirits reach ;  
They'll teach us patience, hope and love,  
And gently wait our souls above.

### Flowers

God might have made the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small;  
The oak tree and the cedar tree  
Without a flower at all.

'He might have made enough, enough  
For every want of ours;  
For luxury, medicine, and toll,  
And yet have made no flowers.

'Our outward life requires them not,  
Then wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight to man;  
To beautify the earth.

'To comfort man—to whisper hope  
When'er his faith is dim;  
For whose careth for the flowers,  
Will much more care for Him.'

**GONE TO BED.**—An eminently holy man thus wrote on hearing the death of a child:

'Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick nor of dying. Tell my dear sister that she is now so much more akin to the next world; and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two to bed, as children used to do, and we are very soon to follow. And the more we put off the love of this present world, and all things superfluous, before hand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down.'

**RECIPE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.**—Dissolve thirty grains of salts of tartar in a gill of water, add to it ten grains of cochineal finely powdered, sweeten this with fine sugar. Give an infant a table-spoonful four times a day. To a child two or three years old, two tea-spoonful; from four years and upwards a table spoonful or more may be taken. The relief is said to be immediate, and in general within five or six days.

**CHEAP FRUIT CAKE.**—Take one quart of sifted flour, a small half tea-cup of sugar, one tea-spoonful of soda, two of cream tartar, half a pound of seeded raisins, chopped fine and spice to your taste. Mix the soda and tartar thoroughly with the flour, then rub in the butter, then the sugar raisins, and spices, and wet a soft dough with water. If wet stiff it will be drier. This cake keeps well for some weeks. Any cake to keep well should be wrapped in a linnen cloth and put into a stone jar.  
—Northern Farmer.

### TO MAKE CRISP PASTE FOR TARTS.

Take one pound of fine flour, mixed with one ounce of loaf sugar beat and sifted; make into a stiff paste with boiling cream, and three ounces of butter in it, work it well and roll it very thin. When you have made your taste, beat the white of an egg a little, rub it over them with a feather, sift a little refined sugar over them, and bake them in a moderate oven.

### TO REPAIR BROKEN EARTHENWARE.

Moisten each edge with white paint, (white lead,) press it firmly together and fasten it with a cord. Let it remain in a dry place a month, when it may be used. I have seen green that I have used for more than a year, and various kinds of hot liquids and acids on the table, which, by all appearance, is as good as ever and the seam just as delicate as the cement hawked about by pedlars, and will not stand hot water.

**TRUST.**—The only clear blue sky is trust all else is 'the blackness of darkness.' If there is a Supreme Power which we can trust, our condition is deplorable enough. But every one can trust God; and here we run into a safe harbor and we need fear no evil. 'The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.' 'The fear of man bringeth a snare; but who so putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.' God is our pilot; then let us trust him to guide us through the stormy sea, and not worry ourselves about the 'shoals,' 'sandbars,' &c.

**THE FAITHFUL WIFE.**—There is nothing upon this earth that can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife; no creature who for the object of her love, is so indomitable, so persevering, so ready to suffer and to die. Under the most distressing circumstances, woman's weakness becomes mighty power; her timidity fearless courage; all her shrinking and sinking passes away, and her spirit acquires the firmness of marble—adamantine firmness when circumstances drive her to put forth all her energies under the inspirations of her affections.

### High and Low Life.

In a pleasant town in the county of Surrey (sometimes called the garden of England) lived a family of the name of Seldon. The father was a retired captain, upon half-pay, but as he had only one child, he suffered less from the bitter grasp of poverty, than captains upon half-pay usually do; still as to give their daughter a thorough education was the first wish in the hearts of the good parents, they lived in what the world calls a small way, occupying a small, but neat and pleasant cottage, and keeping but one domestic, who as she was a girl of tender years was assisted in her daily work by the female members of the happy family. Opposite the cottage was a large imposing-looking stone wall, within which were trees and shrubs of many varieties, forming a part of the pleasure grounds of General Apsley, a gentleman of wealth and consequence. His mansion contained every thing that pertains to luxury and refinement, and liveried servants were seen behind the carriage, that came daily forth from the lodge gates, to take the lady and her daughter for a ride. The General had married a lady of title, and certain it is, that lady Ann wished not to lose any particle of the dignity her title conferred. In short, she was a proud woman; but my little readers of the New World must not suppose all ladies of rank and title are proud, on the contrary, they are sometimes plain, modest, unpretending in manner, and blessing the poor.

Lady Ann had one daughter, of the age of fifteen, and had travelled on the continent, and in Paris, where she had acquired the 'follies' of a lady. Katharine Apsley, the companion of Mary Seldon, in a patronizing manner, really ridiculous, to one so young, but the gentle Mary saw it not, and behind that the heart of her friend beat with emotions as kindly as her own. It might be she was a little dazzled with the splendor of rank, though she never gave utterance to the thought, unless when delighting in the large bouquets of beautiful exotics, which Katharine would cull for her from the ample conservatory; then again her heart would turn to the sweet wild flowers she loved so well, and she thanked God they were hers at any time. One evening the young people were walking through the grounds, when they insensibly emerged from thence and entered a meadow at the end of which was a beautiful wooded dell. Beneath the shade of an oak tree was a very small cottage of the very poorest description, and as they stopped a moment to gather some wild violets, Mary thought she heard the sounds of grief from within. 'Hush, Katharine, there is some one sick here,' she exclaimed.

'They are only some of papa's tenants,' replied the young lady, and she walked on, when the sounds of moaning became more and more distinct.

'I must go and see if anything is the matter,' said Mary, 'besides, we may be of use to some one.'

The young lady looked at her companion as if she thought her joking, and remarking the air was chilly, hurried on, supposing her friend was following, when looking back, she saw her in the act of entering the lowly door of the poor cottage.

'Mary,' she exclaimed, 'are you mad? If any one is ill, it may be some infectious fever,' but Mary was out of sight and hearing, so she sought her luxuriant home, met half way a footman loaded with warm cloaks, and we will follow the young and gentle girl who stayed behind upon the errand of mercy. Beside a lowly straw bed she stood, upon which lay a pale emaciated woman, not old, but stricken with disease of a painful nature, which the doctor thought would terminate in a fatal epidemic then prevailing in the neighborhood.

Lady Ann was not absolutely unkind to the tenants, but was more feared than loved by them, on account of her stern unbending demeanor, and the exactness required about the payment of rents. She had a great dread of fevers, and all infectious diseases, thus when such cases were reported to her, she never failed to keep away from the infected quarter, quieting her conscience by giving orders that were seldom obeyed.

Mary Seldon found this poor woman in want of the necessities of life, her husband was obliged to work all day to keep her two little children in bread, the youngest was then asleep in the cradle, and the elder sitting upon his mother's humble bed, gazing hopelessly upon her suffering countenance. Mary instantly hurried home for relief, and in a short time a more comfortable bed was given her, with all those little delicacies that suit the appetite of an invalid. Daily this sweet pitying young lady took her seat for hours beside the bed of the sufferer, and comforted her soul with the refreshing words of Scripture; but though her kindness did not save, it soothed the passage of a fellow creature to the grave, and in her dying moments the poor mother was comforted to know that her two young children would be kindly cared for. This unostentatious benevolence was made known to Miss Apsley through the medium of her maid, but offered no inducement for her to 'go and do likewise.' Indeed, she was shocked that Mary Seldon could so put herself in the way of infection among those low people, and hoped she would not think of coming to see her shortly, for she dreaded the idea of fevers, and had determined by her mother's advice to visit immediately, some fashionable watering place. Whilst purchasing, one morning, some elegant and expensive silks in which to appear to the greatest advantage at Brighton, Mrs. Seldon and her daughter happened to enter the shop, (we do not call them stores in England) and as the latter with friendly warmth extended her hand, Katharine colored, smiled, and saying, 'Oh mamma, we have forgot something,' hastily left the shop, re-entered the carriage, and they were soon out of sight. It was a few moments ere the ingenious heart of the gentle Mary could divine the cause of this behavior; but as there had been no anger in the glance of her former associate, the truth all at once presented itself to her quick mind, then followed a feeling of sadness, 'how dreadful to fear sickness and death to such an extent.' Her pure and young heart, taught from the earliest infancy to be obedient to all the decrees of God, deeply felt for and pitied her thoughtless friend.

Soon after this, the family of the Apsy's set off for Brighton, and occasionally in the retirement

of her cottage did Mary hear from the gossips of the day, how gaily Katharine pursued her course; how her dressing, dancing, and singing were the admiration of every one, and that she was certain to return home an engaged lady.

One morning Mary sat by her pleasant window, the season had advanced: the violets had gone; but roses and other fragrant companions filled yes, more than filled their place, and as she busily plied her needle, or gazed from the open window on the graceful motion of the trees, as the yawayed to and from in the breeze; she compared her enjoyment with that of her late gay companion. 'She may be dancing the admired of all beholders,' she thought; 'but I am looking upon the beauties of nature, up to nature's God.' Thus she continued her train of thought, till the tolling of the bell forced these thoughts into a more melancholy channel. She then remembered a little member of the Sabbath-school had that day died, and was dwelling upon the recollection of her innocent face, when a hearse drawn by four horses and covered with nodding plumes of white, was seen slowly advancing up the street, such a sight, though common, had always something melancholy to our thoughtful Mary. She kept her eyes fixed upon its approach, as if she expected to see it stop before their cottage, but could it be? Yes, too truly it was, it stopped at the entrance to the Apsly grounds—it entered! Alas! whose coffin did it contain? Mary gazed till she scarcely knew at what she was gazing. The young servant maid ran in exclaiming, 'Oh Miss Mary—Miss Apsly is dead!' Then were the flood-gates of her tears opened, and the gentle girl wept, not so much for the death, as the immortal state of her late thoughtless companion. The very epidemic she had fled from, seized her where she had gone for health, showing that though man may propose, God will dispose all things, and that when we fly from, we are running into danger. Surely the only safeguard against such fears is a preparation for the world to come. And let not the rich oppress or despise the poor, remembering that Lazarus was 'carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.'

#### Benefits of Exercise.

As a man is a compound of soul and body, he is under an obligation of a double scheme of duty, and as labor and exercise conduce to the health of the body, so does study and contemplation to that of the mind, for study strengthens the mind as exercise does the body. The labor of the body frees us from the pains of the mind, and this it is that makes the poor man happy. The mind, like the body, grows tired by being too long in one posture. The end of diversion is to unbend the soul, deceive the cares, sweeten the toils and smooth the ruggedness of life.

As the body is maintained by repletion and evacuation, so is the mind by employment and relaxation. Difficulty strengthens the mind as labor does the body. Life and happiness consist in action and employment. Active and masculine spirits, in the vigor of youth, neither

can or ought to be at rest. If they debar themselves from a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they feel themselves actuated by some low abject passion or pursuit. As the sweetest rose grows on the sharpest prickles, so the hardest labor brings forth whsweetest profits. The end of labor is rest; that brightness is to rust, labor is to idleness; idleness is the rust of the mind and the inlet to all misfortune. Dilligence is the mother of virtue.

When it is known, says Plato, how exercise produces digestion and promotes health, comeliness and strength, there will be no occasion to enjoin the use of such exercise by a law or to enforce an attention to it on the candidates for health, vigor and personal charms.

#### 'I love that Chicken, that I do!'

Now what caused such an expression to gush forth from the warm heart of a little child? That chicken which he loved, showed a remarkable sympathy and kindness towards a broken winged one, of the same brood. The brood had become old enough to take to the roost, but the one injured in his wing could not get up there, and was obliged to content himself with climbing up the side of an outdoor wood-pile, some distance from the comfortable resting-place of his fellows. One of the brood went with him to his wood-pile roost, nestled by his side, kept him company by day and by night, taking his part when pecked at by others, and showing in various ways great sympathy and kindness, till the injured one had outgrown his misfortune.

The child noticed, and was greatly interested in this striking manifestation of friendship; and could not well help exclaiming, 'I love thrt chicken, that I do,' and well he might. There was something in that chicken's conduct towards his *unfortunate fellow*, worthy of being loved—worthy of *man's imitation*.

There are, so to speak, many broken winged ones in the human family, who cannot reach the comfortable places of rest which others enjoy. They should receive substantial tokens of sympathy and kindness from the more favored. Let such opportunities be well improved. By so doing we shall awaken in many bosoms, emotions of love towards ourselves, call forth hearty benedictions upon us, and find in our experience the truth of the inspired declaration, that it is more blessed to give than to receive:—

'Give and do good—be kind to all—  
The humble and the poor;  
True blessings on your head shall fall,  
Which kindness can secure.'

Chr. Watchman.

Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive to strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.

### House Plants in Water.

'What is the reason that my plants do not grow as well as Mrs. Jones? I am sure I take a great deal more pains with them, but all will not do; they are weak, slender sickly and some of my best plants have died—while Mrs. Jones seems to take very little care of her's, and yet they grow and bloom beautifully?'

This appeal to us for aid and advice which has just been made, is not the first complaint of this kind of ill-success. The truth is some plants are actually nursed to death. Care and attention bestowed on plants, which they do not need, are worse than no care at all. It is knowing just what to do, and doing that, and no more, that gives some persons their success. Or, as a late writer remarked; there are two great points to be attended to: 1, Not to let your plants suffer by neglect; and 2, not to make them suffer by interference. We would class the requisites for good treatment as follows:

1. Plenty of light.
2. A due supply of water.
3. Proper temperature.

Fresh air, cleanliness and good soil, are obviously of importance, but are less likely to be neglected than the three first named wants, and we shall therefore add a few additional remarks under these heads.

1. *Light.*—Plants cannot by any possibility have too much of this. The stand should therefore be near the window, and be placed as near it as possible; the windows should be broad, as little obstructed by outside trees as the nature of the case will admit. But rapidly growing plants require more light; hence, such should be placed directly in front of the window.

2. *Water.*—This must be given according to circumstances. A plant in nearly a dormant state, needs very little—those in a rapidly growing condition require considerable. Too much water will make the latter grow slender, but they will bear a greater supply of it if in strong light. It must be remembered as a standing rule, that dormant plants may remain comparatively in the dark, and with little water; and growing ones should have a good supply of light. But it must not be forgotten that green-house plants generally are nearly dormant during the winter, and the soil must therefore be kept but moderately moist, as the plants in this condition do not pump any moisture from the soil, and little escapes by evaporation. Drainage, by filling one-fifth of each pot with charcoal, is of importance.

3. *Temperature.*—Many house plants are destroyed by too much heat, which increases the dryness, and both these causes together are more than they can endure. A cool room, never as low as freezing is best. From 50 to 58 degrees is much better than 65 or 70, the ordinary temperature of living rooms.

Syringing the foliage with tepid water, to wash off whatever dust accumulates, is of use; and the admission of fresh air, when there is no danger of chilling or freezing the foliage, should not be neglected.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ All men are not born equal, neither are all hats, *hats*, that have their shape.—Dress a man in all the robes of royalty, and though he be a Prince, if he wears a 'shocking bad hat,' he will be classed among the 'nobodys.' We deny the justice of this, but, nevertheless, we must acknowledge that a man might almost as well be out of the world as out of fashion; then in the spirit of true philanthropy let us tell our friends how they may be in the world and in the fashion. Give our old friend and advertiser, Mr. HENWOOD, No. 37 Market street, a call, and rig yourself up with one of his latest and most approved style of hats. Their beauty of form seems to give an aspect of grace and beauty of symmetry to the whole person. Such a hat is a good recommendation to any man, no matter how young or how old he may be, it will be a ready passport into good society. We commend Mr. Henwood to a liberal share of public patronage.—*St. Louis Herald.*

**BROOM CORN**—Few properly estimate the value of broom corn. Scarcely a habitation can be found in America without a broom made of this material. We do not know what our country-women would do without them, and yet they are not of very ancient origin. Before the manufacture of corn brooms, the American ladies generally used birch brooms, or similar articles made of black ash. When these could not be procured, they would, sometimes, make a broom of hemlock boughs. In Ireland and England, there grows a shrub called heath or ling, which is made into besoms, and used quite extensively in those countries. The Irish and English also make and use hair brooms, bristle brooms, &c.

Of all the different kinds of sweeping utensils, corn brooms have the preference for common use, wherever used. In the last century they were scarcely known, but now they are known all over the United States. A few years ago a lot of these brooms was sent to England, where they readily brought five dollars per dozen.